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ONE PENNY.

SKETCHES AT THE SEA-SIDE.

WERE it not that the bathing season of the numerous watering-places has set in unusually favourable this year, as far as bright and sunny weather is concerned, we might almost ask why it is that young ladies will persist in wearing the large trimmed straw-hat by the sea-side, notwithstanding the fashion has gone out of late. We can understand old ladies wearing them, because, when seen from behind, they impart a youthful appearance to the wearer, and give to the aged matron the giddy, frolicsome air of a young girl of sixteen.

Only imagine our discomfiture and chagrin on stealing round to peep under the hat of "The Pet of the Sea-side," as pictured in our illustration here, and then find the wearer some spectacled antiquated old maid of sixty. Really, these deceptions ought to be prohibited by the most stringent laws. As, however, we do not imagine that such a law would pass, we can only hope that the young ladies will throw them away at once, and leave the style to the old and ugly, who may then keep the flexible string pulled down as tight of they may—no one would dream of taking a peep, as they would know the style of countenance to expect.

We met just such a beauty as this a few days back at Scarborough Bay; and if our readers will refer to page , they will see a beautiful engraving of this lovely watering place.

Situated on the top of a hill, or rather two cliffs connected by a viaduct, Scarborough can boast the purest and most salubrious air; a precipitous descent down the cliffs leads to the shore, where there is excellent bathing, while the long velvety sands that stretch for miles along the coast form a most excellent galloping-ground, and saddle-horses of a superior description are here con-



stantly waiting to be hired. The beautiful promenade by the sea-side is kept select by the payment of a small sum for admission. This promenade is thronged every evening by fashionably-dressed loungers, and at the end of the walk is a handsome castellated building where the band employed by the Bridge Committee is stationed, and plays every afternoon. The harbour is a favourite lounge of the students of the picturesque; in its immediate neighbourhood are many quaint old buildings, while there are always three or four French fishing-boats at anchor, the red night-capped occupants of which are as voluble and excitable as most of their compatriots; the streets in the town are spacious, and well-paved, and the houses generally have a handsome appearance; there are excellent news and assembly rooms, public libraries, bathing establishments, and a sea-bathing infirmary; the theatre is exceedingly pretty, and admirably decorated. There are also two mineral springs in the town, the waters of which are very efficacious in diseases of the liver, &c. The museum, which is justly regarded by the inhabitants as one of their chief lions, has a valuable collection of geological and natural specimens. Scarborough is essentially a "fashionable" watering-place, where all dress and behaviour must be as much "the mode" as at Brighton. Shooting-jackets and wide-awakes in the afternoon are glared at by the "swell" promenaders, and he who simply travels for health and quiet, must travel further to Filey, before he finds the rest he is in quest of.

The town of Scarborough, which is well built and handsome, has a striking appearance as its streets meet the eye, rising from the sea towards the ruined castle on an abrupt cliff. The castle hill is more than 300 feet above the sea level.

Notes of the Week.

An inquest was held on board her Majesty's ship *St. George*, at Falmouth, on Saturday afternoon, on the body of Samuel Warren, aged twenty-four, a seaman and diver belonging to that ship, who was suffocated on Friday afternoon while diving in Falmouth harbour. The deceased had previously been a diver on board her Majesty's ship *Cambridge*. He went down from a boat between two and three o'clock on the previous Friday afternoon, in thirteen and a half fathoms of water, at the spot where the *St. George* is lying, for the purpose of recovering a set of boat's crutches that had been lost from the *St. George*. He selected his own attendants for the occasion from the ship's company, and arranged with them the signals, which were to be "one pull less air," "two pulls more air," "three pulls to come up." About half a minute after he was down he signalled for more air, and more was pumped down. Warren then walked about one fathom and a half, there being about fifteen fathoms and a half of air pipes out, when he signalled to come up. He had been about four minutes down, and the boat's crew were about two minutes in pulling him up. The mouthpieces of the dress were taken off before he was taken into the boat, and he put his right hand across his mouth. The diving dress was immediately taken off, and Warren was carried on board the *St. George*; his face, ears nostrils, and helmet were covered with blood. He did not speak, but gave a convulsive struggle, and died just before he was got on board. The diving dress was a new one, which the deceased had borrowed from the Falmouth Dock Company. It was found on examination that the air pipe had burst at about nine fathoms from the helmet, and that the valve for the outlet of the foul air was fastened. This had occasioned an extra pressure on the tube, and hence the accident. Means were resorted to or more than an hour to restore the deceased, but without any apparent result. The jury returned a verdict "That deceased was sufficed by over-pressure of air while diving, in consequence of the escape valve of the apparatus being set, and that no blame attached to any one except the deceased himself."

On Monday, Mr. Payne, the City coroner, held an inquest at the Vestry-hall, Fair-street, Southwark, respecting the death by suicide of Mary Ann Mann, aged forty-three. John Nare, No. 3, Blue Anchor-road, Bermondsey, said that on Saturday morning, about eight o'clock, he was crossing London-bridge. A boy called out to him, "Master, here is a woman going to drown herself." He then saw the deceased with one leg over the parapet of the bridge. She was standing in the middle recess of the centre arch. He rushed forward and caught hold of her by the arm. She struggled fearfully. He tried to pull her back, but he could not do so. He then threw himself forward in order to prevent her leaping into the river, but he found that she was dragging him with her. He then let her go, and she fell into the water. Her head was first dashed against the stonework of the bridge. The witness just saved his own life. George Mann, No. 10, Great Arthur-street, St. Luke's, a cigar-maker, said that the deceased was his wife. For the last eight weeks she had been very ill. She frequently said that she would go and drown herself, because she had dreadful pains in her back. Mrs. E. Speller said that the deceased had a fall down stairs. After that she said to witness "I feel so low-spirited that I shall go and kill myself." The coroner having summed up, the jury returned a verdict of "Suicide while of unsound mind."

On Monday afternoon, shortly before three o'clock, a very destructive fire took place near the Clapham junction of the South-Western Railway on the premises belonging to Mr. T. Wilson, No. 2, Buckland-terrace, Lavender-road, Battersea. The firemen, with the aid of the inhabitants, succeeded in extinguishing the flames, but not until they had passed through the whole of the house, and had even penetrated the roof, destroying the whole of the furniture, wearing apparel, &c.

About half-past three o'clock on Monday afternoon a fire broke out in the premises belonging to Messrs. Wm. Orridge and Co., chemists, &c., No. 22, Ludgate-hill. The fire commenced from some unknown cause in the basement, used as warehouses and stores, and quickly extended to the counting-houses over. Two engines from Farringdon-street Station quietly attended, under the command of Mr. Fogo, the principal officer of the B district, and were followed by others. In order to get to the seat of the fire in Mr. Orridge's premises, Mr. Fogo very wisely had the engines taken into Pilgrim-street, and having pulled up the iron gratings, the firemen were lowered with the branches in hand, and although nearly stifled with the burning chemicals they were enabled to get the fire subdued. The basement and counting-house were, however, very much damaged; but fortunately the books were all saved in a fire-proof safe, so that the business will not be materially retarded.

An alarming and fatal accident occurred on Tuesday morning at the Camden-road Station of the North-London Railway. As the express train for Fenchurch-street was about to start at half-past nine, the boiler of the engine suddenly exploded, the fragments flying in every direction. The stoker expired on being conveyed to the hospital.

The Court.

The day now fixed for her Majesty's departure from Osborne for Windsor is Thursday, the 25th instant, being the day prior to the birthday of the late Prince Consort. The Queen will remain about four days at the Castle, and then proceed to Scotland.—*Court Journal*.

The Duke of Cambridge is visiting the Prince and Princess of Wales in Scotland.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

No rain has fallen in or near the metropolis since the one day's fall mentioned in our last; hence we are as far off as ever in all attempts at anything like out-door progress. Still, should wet weather set in, we must not forget the necessary

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—Sow red Dutch cabbage for summer use, and prick out plants of former sowings in nursery beds, to get stocky, prior to final planting. Give celery plenty of water before earthing up. In this latter process, keep the soil close round the plants, and prevent dirt getting to the heart. Potatoes intended for seed may be taken up and exposed to the sun till they green. Sow spinach for the whole of the winter supply. Remove all leaves that shade the fruit of tomatoes. Plant out the latest crops of broccoli. Remove weak and useless shoots, dead leaves, &c., of cucumbers. Sow lettuce (the hardy sorts), to stand through the winter. Sow turnips, after rain, for spring use.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Propagation of stock for next season should be commenced in earnest, in order to secure a lot of strong plants ready for exposure to the open air next month, to harden them off to stand through the winter. Anemones should be taken up and placed in a dry place, while fresh seed may be sown, with the least sprinkling of earth over the seed. Re-pot auriculas, and layer carnations and plectrums without delay. Thin out dahlias, part dahlias, and water hollyhocks liberally.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Make fresh plantations of strawberries, and proceed with pruning and nailing of wall trees as recommended in our last.

Foreign Review.

FRANCE.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are expected through Paris shortly on their way to Denmark. The Emperor of the French is also expected to return King Leopold's visit on the 26th by a trip to Brussels.

M. Dufour, the naval surgeon-in-chief at Cherbourg, has published a paper on the wounds of the sailors belonging to the *Kearsage* and *Alabama* placed under his care. Out of fifteen, one has died and two are still in a precarious state. The remaining thirteen being endowed with good constitutions, are out of danger. The conquerors and the conquered sleep in the same ward, and are on the most friendly terms with each other. The wounds they received were for the most part caused by wooden splinters and not by projectiles, or by the fragments of shells.

AMERICA.

General Grant exploded a mine in Burnside's front, blowing up a battery of six guns. The troops advancing through the opening carried the first line of entrenchments but advancing further, were repulsed with a loss of 4,000 to 5,000 men. After the first onslaught the negro troops were demoralized. A truce was agreed upon to bury the dead. General Burnside was slightly wounded. President Lincoln proceeded to Fort Monroe, and had an interview with General Grant.

The Confederates have returned to Maryland in force, and have occupied Hagerstown. It is reported that Grant is moving on Washington.

Another account says:—"Grant's movement north of the James River was a feint to cover a grand assault upon Petersburg, which was opened at daylight on Saturday, by springing a mine under a Confederate earthwork in front of Burnside's position. Six tons of gunpowder were exploded, carrying the fort into the air, and burying 250 Confederates in the ruins. Immediately the Federal artillery opened along the whole line, amid the fire of which Burnside charged and seized the ruined fort and a portion of the works upon either side. He then attempted to push on to the second line of defences, but was driven back by the terrific fire of the Confederates. A reserve division of negro troops was afterwards thrown forward, and met with a similar fate. The Confederates then, in their turn, charged, and ultimately drove the Federals, white and coloured mingling in confusion, back to their entrenchments held previous to the assault. Grant's loss is very heavy, no estimate placing it below 50,000, while many carry it as high as 100,000. Burnside was wounded, and General Barlett captured. President Lincoln and General Grant met at Fortress Monroe on Sunday, and proceeded to Norfolk, on board a steamer, for consultation. In the afternoon Mr. Lincoln returned to Washington, and Grant to his headquarters. Nothing is yet known of their decision; but it is rumoured that the whole Potomac army will be immediately transferred to Washington, in anticipation of an advance against that capital by General Lee, at the head of his entire force."

BALLOON ADVENTURE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

On Sunday, at two p.m., the balloon "Washington" was brought from the gas-house to Plaza Victoria. At half-past two, all arrangements being completed, with the assistance of Mr. Simpson, the signal was given to let go, and the air ship slowly mounted into space, passing over the Colon Theatre, amid the joyful exclamations of several thousand persons. On reaching a height of 3,500 yards he found the wind changed, and abandoned his former route. When passing over the inner and outer roads he saluted the vessels, waving the American and Argentine flags, which was replied to from the several mastsheads. The height being at that time about 2,000 yards, he was still enabled to hear the cheering on board the vessels. As soon as the wind changed, he determined to take, if possible, a west current, which would bring him to this side of the Plate. The balloon gradually descended till the anchors touched the water, being then some fifteen miles from the Belgrano shore. As the balloon began to drag along the water, Mr. Wells threw out ballast, and again rose, attaining a height of 4,000 yards in the direction of the Carapachay Islands. About four p.m., the hour being near sunset, the balloon became more condensed, and descended more rapidly than at first, until the anchors again touched the water, but the aeronaut's efforts to get a permanent hold were as fruitless as before. Accordingly he again threw out ballast, and rose about 3,000 yards, in the direction of San Fernando. Coming down a fourth time, still over the centre of River Plate, he cut away his anchors, and struggled between the lower air currents towards the islands. The sun had now set, and, coming down a fifth time, he was obliged to cut away the car in order further to lighten the balloon, and in another flight reach either *terra firma* or the islands. Then taking his seat on the hoop attached to the ropes, and putting on two life-belts, besides attaching the gas-bag by a line of 100 feet, so as to serve for a buoy in case of need, he ascended a sixth time, and higher than before, passing through the clouds, and reaching about 6,000 yards. Here the sun seemed to him again to rise, and after a short interval set in the most extraordinary splendour. The cold was so excessive that his feet became quite numb, and the ends of the rope which had dragged in the water glittered with an icy covering. The heavy dew and great condensation of gas, from excessive cold, caused the balloon to descend rapidly. On touching the water he contrived to shift his position from the hoop to the gas-bag, and the balloon dragging for some time, Mr. Wells was up to his waist in water, whilst he rapidly proceeded towards our coast. Soon, however, the warm atmosphere caused the balloon again to rise, this time about 100 yards. Mr. Wells was now in a critical position, holding on, seated on the gas-bag, which hung on a slender cord from the balloon. The gas-bag began to revolve rapidly, but luckily his head did not grow dizzy, and the cord did not break, although twisting in an alarming manner. The balloon gradually lost its power and again descended, Mr. Wells being overjoyed to see, by the moonlight, its shadow increasing on the water. He was then dragged as before along the surface of the water at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour; and after an exciting ride (which he compares to sleigh-driving on the snow) of about ninety minutes, reached the shore. The people of San Isidoro showed lights and rockets, which greatly cheered him, as he was ignorant of the direction in which he went. At last he was deposited in a swamp, and forced to abandon the balloon, which, being free of its weight, rose impetuously to a great height, passing over San Fernando in a westerly direction.—*Buenos Ayres Standard* (June 15).

GRANT'S LOSSES.—Some idea of the losses during Grant's campaign may be gathered from the fact that many regiments have been nearly annihilated. The local papers all over the country tell the same story concerning organizations that have gone from their respective localities. They each think that their regiments have suffered the most of any in the army. The *Auburn Advertiser* learns through private sources that the 11th has been consolidated with the 125th, 126th, and 57th New York Regiments. Less than two years ago these regiments went out from among us 80 to 1,000 strong. At least two of them were among the prisoners taken by Stonewall Jackson at Harper's Ferry, and were but little exposed on the field until the battle of Gettysburg. Doubtless all of them have received more or less recruits in the meantime. But now we see that four noble New York Regiments, after less than two years' service, have melted into one.—*Albany Argus*.

THE WAR IN NEW ZEALAND.

(From the *Melbourne Argus* of June 25.)

THE last mail for England left the New Zealand war in this position:—The Gate Pah at Tauranga, to which the Maories had fled from Orakau, had been stormed, and the stormers repulsed with the loss of Captain Hay, of the *Harrier*, Captain Hamilton, of the *Esk*, and other officers and men who could ill be spared. The repulse proved in the end to be a desperate attempt at retreat through the breach to Wairoa, where the rebels had a pah, the position of which was deemed almost impregnable. Advice from Taranaki stated that the outlying settlers had been compelled by the Maories to abandon their stations and cattle and take refuge in the town. The latter were erecting a pah at Teapupura, where they awaited reinforcements from Waikato before attacking the town by land and water. The town was consequently greatly excited, and the inhabitants under arms night and day. It was also asserted that poor Captain Lloyd's head was still displayed to influence the wavering and friendly tribes to join the rebels. In reply to a Maori deputation anxious to know what terms of peace would be accepted, the general briefly replied, "Submission to the Queen's authority." Our latest information of the progress of the war was received only a few days since, and more than a fortnight after the date of previous advices. No fresh military movements had taken place, but the Maories were hourly expected to attack Wata Wata.

An episode of the war cannot be omitted from our narration. It happened in this wise. The *Auckland New Zealander* had, in an article published on the 1st of June, referring to the death of Captain Hamilton, of the *Esk*, stated:—

"It is feared that this brave officer was cruelly deserted by his men, who were seized with a panic and fled back to our position, after being gallantly led as the forlorn hope to the attack. It is true it was a critical moment, but if the men had displayed half the courage and daring of their officers, a very different result would have been chronicled respecting this unfortunate encounter."

This offended the seamen of the *Esk*, who, in numbers sixty strong, came down to the office, and commenced proceedings which portended pulling the building—a wooden one—down. One of these men cried out, "We have the authority of our officers for what we are doing." Magistrates interfered to prevent violence, the police were called, and Commodore Sir William Wiseman appealed to, but in vain. The police were unable to cope with the rioters, and the commodore corroborated the assertion that the officers connived at the riot by not interfering. Temporarily was resorted to, and on the promise that an extraordinary edition should issue, retracting the previous statement, the seamen retired. The extraordinary edition came out with a ridiculous denial of the charge against the Naval Brigade, and attributing the panic which caused the sudden retreat to a mistake of the 68th Regiment. This, it was also mentioned, was the substance of the statement made by the rioting seamen, and it was signed "John P. Beckett, Quartermaster."

THE PARIS FETES.

THESE fetes opened on Monday; and, by common consent, there was a truce to everything except pleasure. A splendid day enhanced the enjoyment of the numerous amusements provided by Government. At six on Monday morning successive salvos of artillery announced that the national festival had commenced. At one o'clock the authorities proceeded to Notre Dame, where mass was celebrated, and terminated, as in all the other churches, with a *Te Deum*. The civil and military functionaries were resplendent in their golden costumes, and not one but many ornaments of stars glittered upon their patriotic bosoms. Very early the streets leading to the different theatres were pretty tightly jammed by candidates for free admission, and those whom fortune favoured with a place enjoyed the treat, although the heat was very great. The *Palace des Invalides* was densely filled, and the military pantomimes, as usual, gave intense satisfaction. The Parisians and visitors having a nautical turn of mind, were gratified by a regatta on the Seine. All the world seems to have "rendezvous" at Paris, and if the upper ten thousand were not in force, their absence was more than supplied and compensated by the tens of thousands of provincials, whose happy faces testified both the pleasure they enjoyed, and the pride they felt in their beautiful capital.

The English visitors were very numerous. At nine the grand display of fireworks took place, and then the general illumination, which transformed the Place de la Concorde into a fairy land.

The Emperor was present, and was warmly cheered wherever he was recognised.

We give elsewhere four engravings of these fetes, and shall continue them in our next.

THRASHING A SEDUCER.—Two labouring men, named William Wainer and William Eastgate, were charged before the county magistrates at Boston, on Wednesday last, with committing a violent assault upon Francis Marlowe, cottager. The defence was that the complainant, who is a married man, full fifty years of age, had seduced the daughter of Wainer, a girl only fourteen years of age. A few days since he was caught by Mr. Ellis, farmer, with whom the girl now resides, prowling about his farmstead, and Mr. Ellis, knowing his vile object, gave him a good thrashing and kicked him off his grounds. On Saturday the father and seducer met, and the conversation fell on the subject of the poor girl's wrongs. The father challenged Marlowe out to fight. Marlowe slunk out at the back door. Wainer followed him, accompanied by Eastgate, his brother-in-law, and a fight took place on the highway, in which Marlowe received a severe beating. The bench said they must not allow their feelings to overpower their sense of justice. The defendant Wainer had no right to take the law into his own hands. If Marlowe had wronged him, the law would provide a remedy. Under the circumstances, however, they should only inflict a fine of 1s. and 17s. 6d. costs. The information against Eastgate was dismissed, at complainant's cost. Several gentlemen who were in court immediately subscribed, and paid not only the defendant's expenses, but presented him with a trifle to reimburse him for his day's labour.—*Stamford Mercury*.

A HAPPY CITY.—A Warsaw letter, says the *Debats*, which we find in the *Moscow Gazette*, contains the following curious details:—"Warsaw has recovered the plenitude of life which belongs to great cities. It has the French theatre; it has excellent acrobats in the Swiss Valley; it has music in the *Jardin de Saxe* and the park of Lartienka. Everywhere the public assemblies in great numbers; but more than elsewhere they meet once a week at the station of the railway from Warsaw to St. Petersburg. This fashionable promenade assembles each time from 4,000 to 8,000 persons. There is music there also, but of a particular kind; tears, sobs, groans. This promenade, entertainment, amusement—call it what you will—is named 'the adieux with exiled political criminals.' The fashion has been recently introduced by agitators. Although the day fixed for the departure of the convoys is always kept secret, each time the whole of Warsaw learns it through the night; at four in the morning the precincts of the station are encumbered with a compact mass. Only some dozen persons are banished at a time, and thousands assemble to bid them adieu. The police appear not to care about it." People will see, says the *Debats*, that nothing is wanting to this pretty picture; what grace, what delicacy, and what good taste! It is an idyll. After that let any one deny that Warsaw amuses itself, and that joy and happiness have returned with calm, justice, and liberty under a paternal administration!

General News.

THE ascents of Mont Blanc (says *Gedgani*) have this year increased in an extraordinary manner. There were not less than eight last week. The ascensionists were Mr. Edward Bore, Mr. Frederick Chambers Filton, Messrs. Joseph and Ernest Beck, Mr. A. Macomb Chance, Mr. Birkbeck, Mr. Beilly, and Messrs. H. and P. Notman France, all English. The last four are members of the Alpine Club. The others were Mr. Fraser, a Scotchman; M. Manuel d'Ibaretta, a Spaniard, and M. Gabriel de Rumine, of Lausanne. The ascent to the Grands Mulets has also been performed by three young ladies, Misses Josephine, Blanch, and Grace Perkins, belonging to the family of the London brewer. The number of tourists who had arrived at Chamounix, up to the 6th, was 3,433.

THERE lately died at Szepes Vallarva an old man of seventy-eight years, whose will contained a clause leaving 10,000 cigars for those who might attend his funeral. This eccentric testator also expressed his desire that his friends should not leave the house of mourning without drinking to his memory all the wine left in his cellar. It is said that the wish of the deceased was entirely fulfilled.—*Brazil and River Plate Mail.*

MR. HENRY T. J. MACNAMARA, of the Oxford Circuit, has been appointed to the recordership of Reading, vacant by the demise of Mr. Serjeant Merewether.

THE colonelcy of the 48th (General Northamptonshire) Infantry has become vacant by the demise of General Sir James Henry R. V. K. O. B. K. C. H., who expired at the banqueting house, Hampton Court Palace.

ONE of what are termed fire-proof safes has at length been dug out of the ruins of Colonel M'Hardy's residence, and upon being opened was found not to have secured a single valuable, either of plate or jewellery. A presentation sword, from Lord Ellenborough, with a real Damascus blade, was found melted in two. This sword was made at the time of the Crusades, and was highly prized by the gallant colonel. Another sword, presented by General Sir Charles Napier, has also been found injured in a similar manner, and the whole of the gold appointments and diamonds have been lost. So much value did the gallant colonel attach to the various presentations that he had holes drilled in the bottom of the safes, so as to screw them down to the floor, and the flames entering the apertures destroyed the contents. Had it not been for the drilling of the safes everything might have been secured.

IN the event of Colonel Powell resigning his seat for Cardiganshire—a contingency more than probable—we have authority for stating that Sir Thomas Lloyd, of Bronwydd, will solicit the suffrages of the electors, as an independent supporter of Lord Palmerston's Government.

WHAT California needs most to-day is rain. What she wants to-morrow is 75,000 women to marry off the extra male population, according to the last census.—*California Paper.*

IT will be in the recollection of our readers that, on the conviction of the pirates of the *Flower de Luce*, who were executed at the Old Bailey, an appeal was made on behalf of William Taffer, who was instrumental in bringing them to justice, and who was left destitute and disabled for a time. Those who subscribed to Taffer's necessities will be pleased to learn that through their kindness he has had the means so to apply himself as to pass a creditable examination and obtain a second mate's certificate. Taffer, we understand, is likely to obtain an appointment to a first-class passenger ship about to sail from the port of London.—*Shipping and Mercantile Gazette.*

ON Monday afternoon a fire completely destroyed the premises of Thompson, McKay and Co., Carver and Co., and Faulkner and Co., railway carriers, Hull, and the carriers' shed and seed warehouse used as a wool market, belonging to the North-Eastern Company, situated in Kingston-street. The contents of all, consisting of 300 bales of cotton, 50 bales of wool, quantities of flax, hemp, foreign fruit, bacon, and tobacco, with nearly 40 trucks, most laden with general merchandise, machinery, &c., were totally destroyed. The Dock Company's large warehouse and the North-Eastern Railway Goods Station narrowly escaped. The books and documents were mostly burnt, except Thompson's. The fire was subdued in three hours, when the walls had all fallen. The damage is estimated at from £50,000 to £70,000. Carver and Co., and Faulkner and Co. were largely insured with the London and Lancashire Insurance Office.

LETTERS from the city of Mexico bring the text of an Imperial decree appointing, in case of the Emperor's death, the Empress Charlotte regent of the Empire.

SOME experiments were made on the Seine of a method for saving lives from drowning in cases of shipwreck and otherwise. Mattresses stuffed with cork shavings being thrown into the river were found capable of supporting the weight of several men. While the experiments were being tried, a man who had approached too near the edge of the quay fell into the river. One of the mattresses was immediately directed towards him, but could not reach the spot in time to get him out alive.

PENSIONS.—The Public Annuity and Pension List naturally changes more or less with every year. The finance amounts recently issued for the year ending with March, 1864 introduce for the first time the names of the Prince and Princess of Wales for their respective annuities of £40,000 and £10,000 a year. The other royal annuities remain the same as before—for the House of Cambridge, £24,000; the Princess of Prussia, £8,000; the Princess Louis, £6,000. The perpetual pensions, of course, remain the same, the heirs of William Penn heading the list with their £4,000 a year, to be paid as long as time and the Treasury shall last. The grant to the Canning family disappears from the list, and so does the retiring pension of Lord Lyndhurst; but there still remain four English ex-chancellors, receiving their £5,000 a year, and there are two Irish ex-chancellors, four English retired judges, and a vice-chancellor. A retired Irish judge, Mr. Justice Crampton, has a place in the list no more; but fate still spares the housemaid of the Irish House of Lords to receive her pension. From the list of retired county court judges Mr. E. Cocke disappears, but two names are added—Mr. Serjeant Manning and Mr. W. Walker. The diplomatic pension list has received two names—Sir J. Hudson and Mr. Christie. The compensation annuities make a long list. Prominent in it by magnitude of amount stands one peer, receiving £7,700 a year, as formerly chief clerk of the Court of Queen's Bench; and another, £4,200, as once registrar of the Irish Chancery; and there is a reverend with his £4,000 a year, as formerly Clerk of the Hanapers, and £7,352 a year as once Patentee of Bankruptcy.

THE DECEPTION OF WAR.—Some of the expedients resorted to by our men at the front (before Petersburg) to deceive the enemy are interesting. A few days ago at one point the men put a length of a stove pipe in position to represent a piece of artillery. Four shots, fired by the enemy, passed through this pipe during the day. Just at night an officer, the adjutant of the regiment, was looking through the pipe at the enemy, when a well-directed shot entered his brain, killing him almost instantly.—*New York Times.*

THE uncoloured teas are now supplied by Messrs. Baker and Baker Tea Merchants, London, through their agents in town and country. These teas combine fine flavour with lasting strength, and are more wholesome than the tea in ordinary use, hence their great demand.—*Advertisement.*

FOR Toothache, Tic-doloreux, Faceache, Neuralgia, and all nervous affections, use Dr. John's Toothache and Tic Pills. They allay pain and give power to the whole nervous system without affecting the bowels. A box by post for fourteen stamps, from Esdall, chemist, Clapham-road, London.—*Advertisement.*

MISS LONGWORTH AND THE "SATURDAY REVIEW."

[From the *Scotsman*.]
AN action of damages, concluding for £3,000, has been raised by Miss Longworth against the *Saturday Review*, for the article published in it on Saturday the 30th of July. The grounds of it can be learnt from the "condemnation," which is as follows:—

"CONDEMNATION."
"Con. 1.—The defendants in this action are the proprietors of the *Saturday Review*, a weekly journal, published in London. The articles in said journal consist entirely of comments on current events and reviews of books. For the most part they are written with great ability, and in a style indicating that their authors are educated gentlemen. The said journal is much read by the more intelligent classes, and has an extensive circulation in Britain and in the British colonies, and is read in foreign countries also as a leading exponent of British public opinion.

"Con. 2.—The pursuer has for several years been involved in a litigation in which she asserts her right to be declared the wife of William Charles Yelverton, major in her Majesty's Royal Artillery. In 1861 a jury in Dublin affirmed that she is the wife of Major Yelverton; and by interlocutor of the 19th of December, 1862, the first division of the Court of Session in Scotland found the same fact to be proved.

"Con. 3.—The said interlocutor of the Court of Session was appealed to the House of Lords, and on the 28th July, 1864, the said house, in accordance with the result of the opinions of Lords Wensleydale, Oshesford, and Kingsdown, and in opposition to the opinions of the Lord Chancellor and Lord Brougham, recalled the said interlocutor. In the *Saturday Review*, published by the defendants on Saturday, the 30th of July, 1864, the judgment of the House of Lords is commented on and approved in an article headed 'The Yelverton Case.' The conduct and letters of the pursuer are also commented on unfavourably in said article. The number of the *Review* containing such article was sold exclusively in Britain, and has been circulated in various parts of the world. Moreover, the article itself was quoted, in whole or in part, by many newspapers in England, Scotland, or Ireland.

"Con. 4.—The article throughout abounds in direct or covert attacks upon the pursuer's character. It suggests that, had she appeared personally, she would have enlisted the feelings of the judges in the House of Lords in the same practical way or by some similar way to that adopted in the case of 'an Athenian lady of doubtful fame,' referring, it is believed, to Phryne, the Athenian courtesan, and insinuating, and intending to insinuate, that the pursuer is of profligate character or of doubtful fame, or of both. It proceeds to state, falsely and calumniously, that the pursuer's version of what occurred in Ireland was 'absolutely untrue,' and insinuates that because of her falsehood in this version her word is not to be believed. And in discussing, and in part condemning, the character of Major Yelverton, it states that 'he was much more the pursued than the pursuer.' At any rate, he gave the lady fair warning. He pointed out that her ruin would be the result of a renewal of their acquaintance, and he gave her the choice of renewing it or not. That renewal was her act, not his. All this is false in every particular, and it is especially false, and besides calumnious, in respect that it represents that her ruin was her own act, and was chosen by her after warning, which is the meaning and effect of the passage quoted.

"Con. 5.—The concluding passage of the article is as follows:—'As to Miss Longworth, we would now say as little as we can. When all the world was on her side—when she was the triumphant object of what are called Irish ovals, when all Scotland made her virtues as much an article of faith as Queen Mary's innocence, and when nearly the whole of England echoed their salutations—we expressed ourselves intelligibly on this lady's life and character. The highest English tribunal has now fully accepted that view which four years ago was both uncommon and unpopular. It were ungenerous to press heavily on any one who is down; doubly ungenerous in the case of a woman of very remarkable powers, great intellectual accomplishments, and now labouring under the heavy burden of failure and humiliation. To say that in our judgment she fully deserves her fate may sound harsh; but to say much less were to compromise the interests of truth and morality. She has a thorny bed to lie on, but she has made it for herself. And if we express ourselves strongly, it is chiefly because the Lord High Chancellor of England has thought proper, in his judicial capacity, not only to pronounce a high eulogium on the intellectual capacity displayed in Miss Longworth's letters, but to declare that their tone is consistent with 'honourable courtship.' The interests of morality would, we think, be seriously compromised were this judgment to rest on any higher grounds than Lord Westbury's opinion of what may be the proper style of correspondence between unmarried—or, for the matter of that, between married—persons. To right thinking persons there is much in these terrible letters which is simply loathsome. We have no notion of making a heroine of such a person as Miss Longworth. She is out of keeping with society, both as it is and as it ought to be. She is an adventuress, launched into the world nobody knows how, with a previous history which has never been told. She is a *Sœur de Charité*, but she meets and courts adventures little in keeping with semi-conventual dress and office. She sinners it and saints it by turns or at once. She is made up of passion and prudence, of hard intellectual vigour and sensuous thoughts and feelings. She writes as no modest woman writes, and she schemes as no woman would scheme. She has religious scruples, but they do not restrain her from provoking at least to sin. The best that can be hoped for her is that she will abandon that world which will not most kindly by forgetting her, and forgiving her offence against society.'

"Con. 6.—The said article, as a whole and particularly in the passages aforesaid, is false and calumnious, and is calculated and intended to represent the pursuer as an immoral, disreputable, immodest person, who was out of keeping with or unfit for society, both as it is and as it ought to be; whose conduct was inconsistent with her religious profession, and was such that she fully deserves 'failure and humiliation' and ruin; whose letters were in their tone inconsistent with honourable courtship, and were such as no modest woman would write, and were of a style improper either for married or unmarried parties, and were 'simply loathsome' to right-thinking persons, from their immodesty and immorality—or it makes one or more of these false and calumnious representations or insinuations. Although the history of her whole life from childhood was fully investigated, in order that her character might be ascertained, and was made the subject of lengthy evidence in the proof in the conjoined actions upon which the House of Lords gave judgment, the said article falsely asserts that 'she is an adventuress, launched into the world nobody knows how, with a previous history that has never been told,' insinuating, and intending to insinuate, by this false and calumnious assertion that her previous history had been of so disreputable a character that it could not be told without shocking public decency, or making some similar insinuation prejudicial to the pursuer's moral character.

"Con. 7.—The said article, in whole or in part, is of and concerning the pursuer, and is false and calumnious, and contains statements for the making of which there was and is no probable cause; and the said statements are malicious, and are not justifiable as fair newspaper comments upon proceedings taking place in a court of justice. By the said slanderous statements the pursuer has been greatly injured in her feelings and reputation, and this action is necessary to the vindication of her character, and to restore her against patrimonial injury.

"Con. 8.—The defendants do not reside in Scotland, but sums of money due to them have been arrested, *in iudicibus fundanda causa*,

in the hands of Messrs. Adam and Charles Black, book-ellers and publishers in Edinburgh; Messrs. William Blackwood and Sons, booksellers and publishers there; Messrs. Edmonston and Douglas, booksellers and publishers there; and Mr. William P. Nimmo, bookseller and publisher there."

ESCAPE OF TWO LIONS.

GREAT excitement prevailed in the neighbourhood of the Above-bar-street, Southampton, on Saturday night in consequence of two lions having escaped from Wombwell's menagerie. The exhibition is located in the West Marlands-park, at the back of the High-street, on a portion of the ground used for the drill of the rifle corps. Being Saturday evening a larger number of spectators than usual attended the exhibition, and a large crowd of persons had also assembled outside. It appears from the statement of those who were present that about nine o'clock the keeper announced his intention to enter the dens for the purpose of putting the animals through their usual performances, and for this purpose he first proceeded to that carriage occupied by two lions, the visitors, as usual on such occasions, rushing to that part of the exhibition. The keeper, after addressing a few words to his audience, opened the iron-barred door of the carriage, apparently with the usual caution observed at exhibitions of the kind, when suddenly one of the lions leaped upon the keeper's back, followed by the other, and both animals sprang out of their den and amongst those assembled round the carriage. One of the beasts continued leaping about amongst the visitors, many of whom were knocked down and sprawling on the ground, and those who were more fortunate were flying about in a state of terror, and for a short time the greatest excitement prevailed. This animal was soon secured by the keepers, who then went in search of the other lion, which, instead of amusing itself inside the exhibition, bounded up the steps, and sprang from the platform amongst the people assembled outside, who immediately fled in all directions. The lion bounded across the park, towards the Savings Bank, and one of the houses in the terrace having its door open, walked into the passage and thence into the parlour, where two ladies were sitting, who fled through the folding doors into the adjoining room and thence up-stairs. The keepers arriving, the lion was soon secured and caged. Several persons were knocked down, trampled upon, and their clothes torn, but fortunately no one sustained personal injury.

DEATH FROM HYDROPHOBIA.—A death resulting from this dreadful malady has occurred in Bandon. It appears that about six months ago a fine powerful young man, named Joseph Hooford, a servant in the employment of the Earl of Bandon, was endeavouring to administer a dose of castor oil to a huge mastiff, who was kept in the stable-yard at Castle Bernard. While so engaged, with his thumb in the animal's mouth, the dog made a sudden snap, and drove two of his teeth with such force into the upper joint of the thumb that they penetrated almost through the bone and produced a tedious wound, which it took several weeks to heal. As the dog, who was merely suffering from an attack of worms, betrayed no trace of madness, the affair was soon forgotten, and no one thought anything more about the matter until Thursday last, when poor Hooford for the first time betrayed unmistakable symptoms of hydrophobia. When he was given a piece of bread soaked in water he was seized with spasms, and spat it out violently; and when he was shown a looking-glass the poor fellow mistook it for water, and immediately the frothing at the mouth became profuse, and his contortions terrible. Under the appearance of the first indication of this dire disease the noble family in whose employment he was called in some of the first medical men in Bandon, and telegraphed to Cork for additional medical assistance; but all was in vain. An attempt was made to place him under the influence of chloroform, but without success. Every effort which kindness could devise or medical skill could accomplish was tried, but without producing any apparent benefit. The unfortunate man suffered intensely, and gradually kept sinking until he died, which was on the second day after the first symptoms became apparent. He leaves a wife and two children.—*Cork Examiner.*

BLASTING AN IMMENSE CHALK CLIFF BY THE ROYAL ENGINEERS.—For several weeks past a number of Sappers and Miners from the Royal Engineer establishment, at Chatham, in charge of Lieutenant Thomas Fraser, have been employed in sapping and mining for destroying a portion of an immense cliff of chalk at Halling, in the occupation of Mr. Thomas Weekes, lime and cement manufacturer, near Rochester. The cliff being the property of Earl Darley. The engineer officer and men have been daily employed in driving galleries and sinking shafts, and all the necessary preparations for the blasting of the cliff were completed on Saturday last. The chalk to be removed is estimated to amount to about 100,000 tons; and some idea may be formed of the immense blast required to dislodge such a huge mass, when it is stated that the quantity of gunpowder used in the operations weighed in the aggregate 5,400 lbs., distributed in five charges. There were four immense shafts bored in the summit of the cliff, and these were carried down to a depth varying from 61 feet to 25 feet in the chalk. In order to prevent accidents on the occasion of the explosion, the ground for a considerable distance round the base of the cliff was kept clear by soldiers. The battery for transmitting the voltaic current to the charges was placed about 200 yards from the shafts, the spark being conveyed by wires coated with gutta serena from the battery known as Grove's, having forty cells. The operations for blasting the cliff took place on Monday afternoon at 4.30, and nearly all the principal officers of the Royal Engineers were present on the occasion:—Colonel Barnes, O.B., the director of the Royal Engineer establishment at Brompton; the Earl of Darley, Colonel T. B. Collinson, instructing engineer officer; Colonel J. F. M. Brown, O.B., field officer of military discipline; Colonel Lovel, O.B., and many other officers of distinction, were present. The effect of the explosion was not only grand but wonderful; the whole crown of the extensive rock was lifted up several feet, and the ground for some distance vibrated under the feet of the numerous body of spectators, and everything went off very satisfactorily. The chalk thus blown down is some of the best for lime and cement purposes, and of course very valuable.

THE SUTHERLAND MINISTER AND MR. JOHN BRIGHT.—Some years ago Mr. Bright was going to a certain town on the Sutherland coast. While the coach was going through a certain parish, the worthy minister thereof mounted and sat beside John Bright. They began to discuss politics. After a while the minister said, with a twang and dialect we cannot copy, "I'll tell you what it is, we'll never have peace until that blackguard, John Bright, be hanged. He is trying to Americanise our institutions, and do away entirely with the glorious constitution of Great Britain." "Oh," says the M.P., "you would not surely hang him!" "Hang him!" replies the minister, "I would just hang him myself as high as the tree. The blackguard Cobden is bad, but he's ten degrees worse. Oh, he should be burnt, burnt!" In something of the same strain the conversation went on all the way. After service he was complimented by the clergyman for whom he officiated on the fine audience he had, "and among the rest you had Mr. Bright, M.P. for Birmingham." "Where did he sit?" says the minister. He was told where the stout M.P. sat. "O Lord!" he exclaimed, "what have I done? He came down on the coach with me, and I called him a blackguard, and said he should be burned!"—*Elgin Courier.*

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THE LATE MR. ROBSON, OF THE OLYMPIC.

It is with extreme regret we have to announce the death of Mr. Robson, the talented actor of the Olympic Theatre. The melancholy event took place on Thursday night week at twelve o'clock.

This popular comedian was born at Margate in the year 1821 and was apprenticed at an early age to a copper-plate engraver in the metropolis. Not relishing this occupation, he was tempted to essay the stage and while yet a very young man, made his debut at a private theatre in Catherine-street, in the part of Simon Mealbag, in the drama of "Grace Huntley." Had Mr. Robson been wanting in perseverance, the result of his first essay would have deterred him from any further prosecution of his new designs, as several professional critics strongly advised him to abandon all ideas of adopting theatrical pursuits; but, fortunately for his future prospects, a conviction of latent power more than counter-balanced the depressing influence of their advice; and after two short provincial engagements, at Whitstable and Uxbridge, he again appeared on the London boards playing at the Grecian Saloon from 1844 to 1849. By this time he had so far acquired a reputation as an original delineator of character that his services were eagerly sought by several provincial managers, one of whom secured him for the Queen's Theatre, Dublin, where he at once became a favourite. At the termination of this engagement, in 1853, Mr. Robson returned to London, having accepted an offer from Mr. Farren, the lessee of the Olympic Theatre. His success was now placed beyond doubt, and so high an appreciation did metropolitan audiences evince of his peculiar talents that the pieces played at the little theatre in Wyndham-street were mainly selected with a view of affording a vehicle for their exhibition.

Mr. Robson was a perfectly original actor, with a style peculiar to his own. In parts where there is a transition from the intensity of human passion to the grotesque drollery of burlesque, he was, perhaps, unequalled. To enumerate the many parts in which he was great, would fill pages. One of his principal characters was that of Medea, in the burlesque of that name. Few men ever evoked greater laughter than Mr. Robson did in the character in which he is here represented. The news of his death, we feel assured, will be received with universal regret.

We extract the following from a leader in the *Daily Telegraph*:

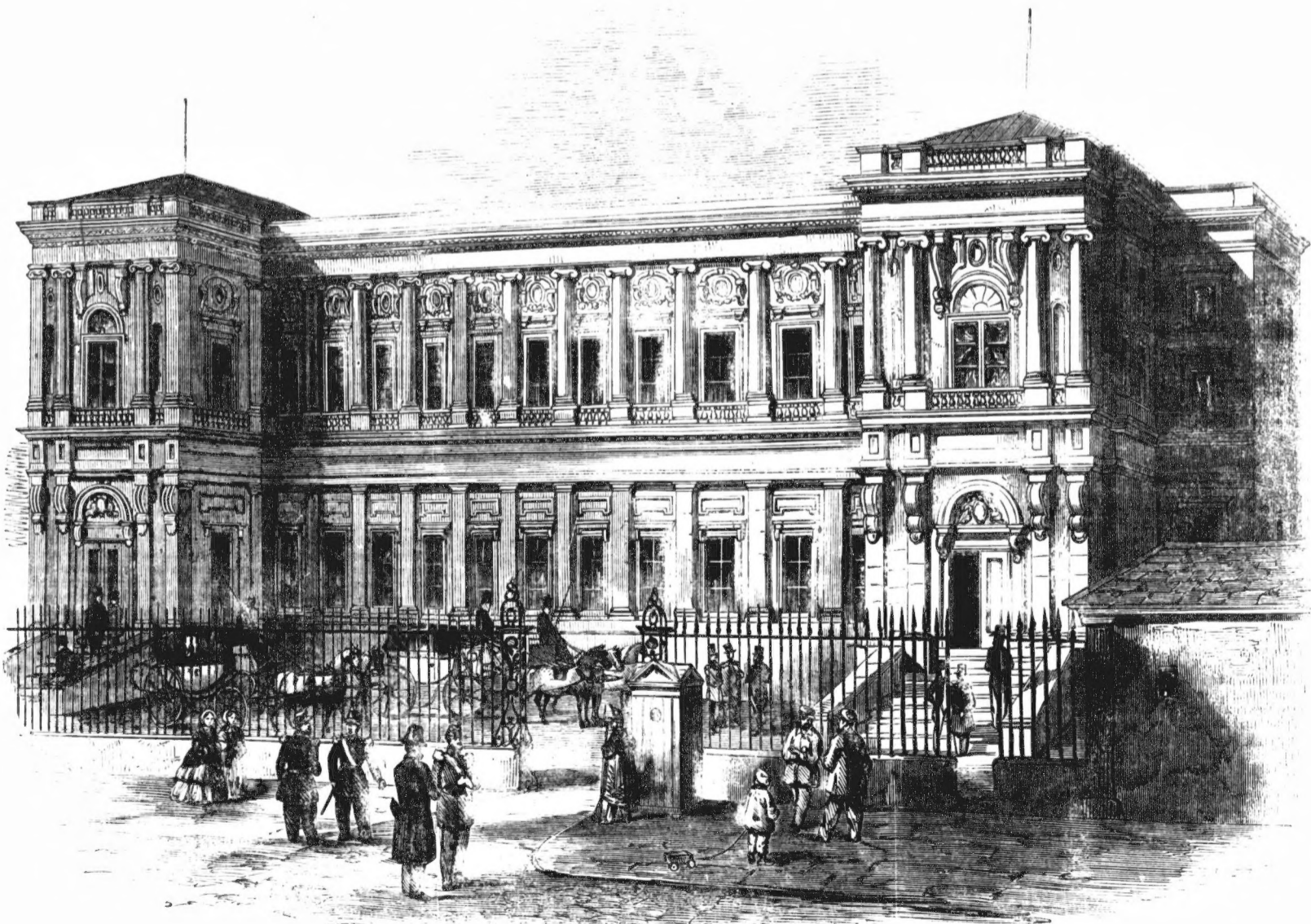
"There died but a few days ago a wonderful little man, who belonged distinctly to the class of original natures—a little man whose art, conventionally speaking, was very humble—who every night had to paint his face and make a crowd laugh or cry as he listed. A strange career was that of Frederick Robson. As we read of his early struggles we think of two other districts who



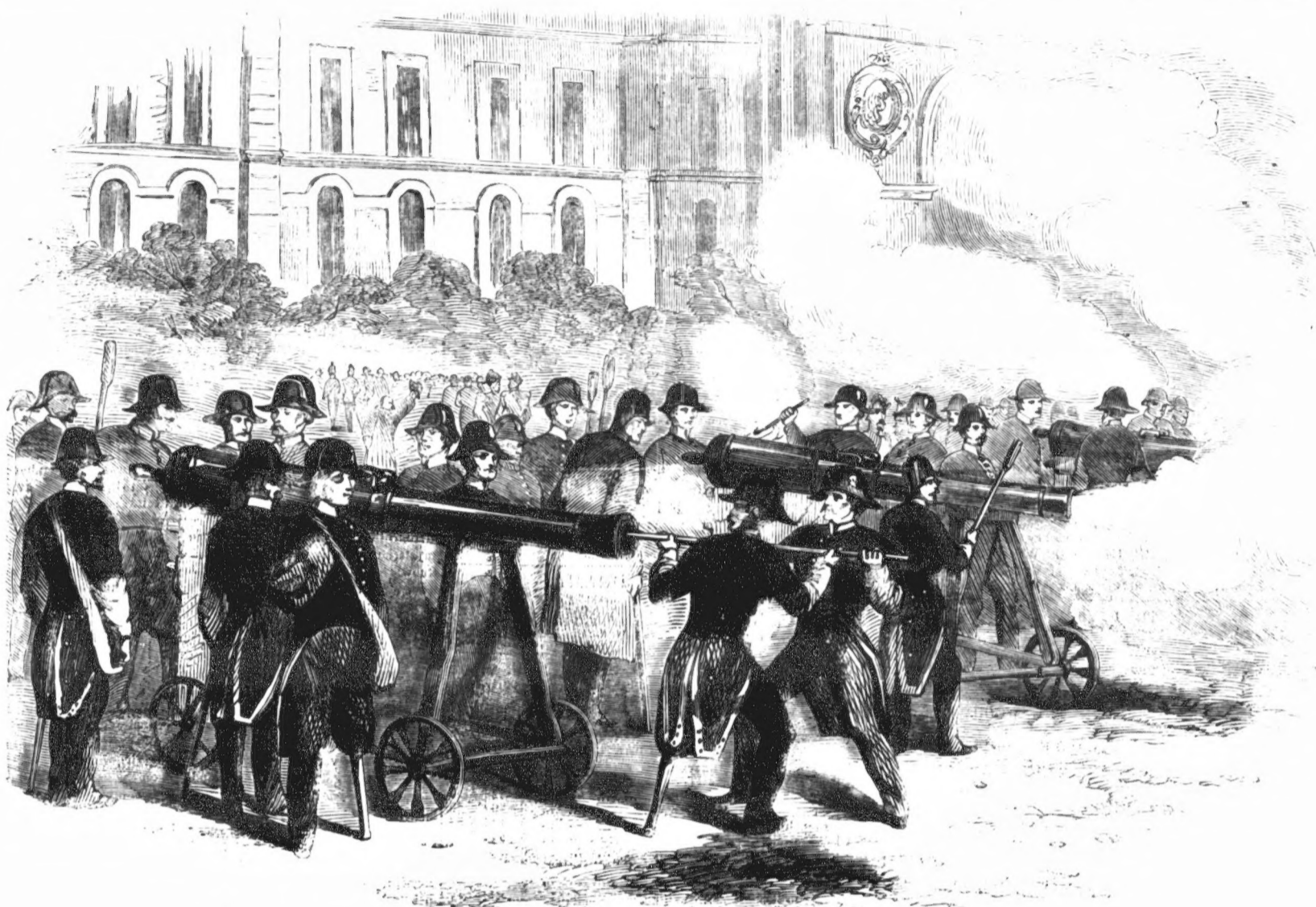
THE LATE MR. ROBSON AS MEDEA.

rose to greater eminence from as humble a commencement. We think of a slender Jewish maiden who was wont to sing, to the accompaniment of an old guitar, in Paris cafes; who had as much genius when she thus amused the idlers of the boulevards as when she was famous throughout Europe. We remember how long and trying was her probation, but how at last, when she got the chance, Rachel sent a strange thrill through every heart, as she declaimed the burning, terrible, unholy passion of Phedre, or, with the tricolor flag wrapped around her, sang like an inspired prophetess the stormy melody of the 'Marseillaise.' We recall a wayward little fellow, who got his living as a stroller in country barns, or, at the best, played harlequin at provincial theatres; who at length made his appearance on a London stage; whose figure was diminutive, whose voice was hoarse and husky, but in whose eyes there was a wild fire, in whose gestures there was genius; and we remember how a great critic said that to see Edmund Kean was like 'reading Shakspeare by flashes of lightning.'

It was not the lot of Robson, as it was of Rachel and of Kean, to imperiously the loftier emotions—to declaim the polished Alexandrines of Racine, or the magnificent blank verse, infinite in its richness and variety, of Shakspeare. Much humbler were the parts that he had to play; but he had a fiery genius which lit up even the lowest subjects. Out of materials trivial and unworthy he could elaborate characters that startled you by their weird, wild force. In his apparently reckless drollery there was an undercurrent of passion whose strength and rapidity were amazing. You saw capering about the stage, absurdly clad, now mouthing tumid bombast, now chanting some street song, a strange figure—one of the quaintest of buffoons. Nothing more? Of a sudden, the actor would be in earnest; the eyes that had been winking with a knowing vulgarity all at once looked you full in the face, mastered you at a glance; there was a passionate cry, a taunting shout, or a wail of utter heartrending misery in the voice which had just been trolling a Cockney ditty; and then, ere your tears, so strangely surprised from you, were dry, the mime was again prancing or strutting, all the earnestness gone out of him, a mountebank, but one of bewildering and fantastic freaks—of swift and perplexing changes. What was this new phenomenon? Had the man mistaken his vocation? You could fancy for a moment, as you watched him, that from those lips there would come with a new force the terrible curse of Lear, or the miserable pleading of the broken king with his cruel daughters. Presto, and all was over—he was again a 'low comedian.' Wonderful were those transitions of his. He was emphatically and singularly a nineteenth century actor. He would have been out of place in any age which less strikingly than our own mingled a sense of the ludicrous even with its earnestness."



THE PARIS FETES—THE HOTEL OF THE MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS. (See page 146.)



THE PARIS FETES—SALUTE AT THE HOTEL DES INVALIDES. (See page 146.)



THE PARIS FETES.—BAND OF THE NATIONAL GUARD IN THE TUILERIES GARDENS. (See page 146.)

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Important Notice to the Ladies. A coloured steel engraving of the PARIS FASHIONS for the Month of September will be presented Gratis to every purchaser of the Monthly Part, to be published August 31st.

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.		H. W. L. B.	
D.	D.	A. M.	P. M.
20	Bloomfield, poet, died, 1810	8 42	4 2
21	Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity	8 28	4 48
22	French landed in Ireland, 1798	5 10	5 32
23	War declared against America, 1775	5 54	6 17
24	St Bartholomew	6 42	7 7
25	Twenty persons killed on Brighton Rail, 1861	7 34	8 5
26	Prince Albert born, 1819	8 42	9 26

Moon's changes.—Last quarter, 24th, 6h. 4m. a.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING.

2 Kings 19; Acts 19.

AFTERNOON.

2 Kings 23; 2 St. Peter 1.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTICE!—In consequence of the immense demand made upon us for Number 1 of BOW BELLS we were quite unable to supply the Trade fast enough; and great disappointment was therefore caused in many quarters. We have received numerous letters upon the subject, alike from country booksellers and intending subscribers;—and we regret that we have been totally unable to reply to them by post. We still continue printing Number 1, which is on sale daily, and we hope in the course of a few days to execute all orders.

. Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and RETNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom for three penny postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 3s 3d to Mr. JOHN DICKS, at the Office, 313, Strand.

VICTORIA (Margate).—The Vortigern Caves adjoin the Trinity Schools, opposite the New Church, Margate. They are now open to public view for the season. These highly interesting and mysterious caves are really well deserving inspection. Their antiquity and use being recorded in history, any attempt to describe them would fail to convey to the mind the ingenuity and labour bestowed on their construction. They are the most extraordinary caves that have yet been discovered; and there can be no doubt that they sheltered the Saxons from the ruthless cruelty of the Danes. The whole of the chambers are warm, dry, and well ventilated.

J. R.—You have good grounds for a divorce. Send us your address and we will forward you the name of a respectable London solicitor.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1864.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

ANOTHER great battle in Virginia has ended in another repulse of the Federal army, with a loss of men which there is this time no attempt to conceal. For some weeks past General Grant has been engaged before the works of Petersburg. Little news was allowed to leave his army, but it was known that this obstinate, if not skilful, commander had resolved on making himself master, if possible, of this outpost of the Confederate capital. There were many, both North and South, who wondered at the perseverance with which he laboured at his work, inasmuch as Richmond, more than twenty miles off, is supplied by a second railway, as well as by other means of communication, and need not be very much straitened by the stopping of reinforcements and provisions coming directly from the South. But the evil fortune of the campaign has been so conspicuous that there was no alternative for General Grant but to persist in his endeavours to capture the town. If he could not do what he desired, he must do what he could. After the extraordinary losses which attended his march towards and round Richmond it would be fatal to his reputation, perhaps to his professional prospects, to abandon the campaign without achieving some success. Hence several weeks have been passed in regular approaches against Petersburg, into which a small Confederate force had been thrown just in time to save it from capture. The decisive

battle of which we now have the news is the sequel of these prolonged operations. The result is a victory for the Confederates, who appear to have repulsed and routed their enemies with a completeness surpassing every former event of the campaign. It appears that General Grant's movement to the north of the James was intended as a feint to distract the attention of the Confederates while a great assault was made on Petersburg. He probably thought the enemy might believe that at the close of July he would wish to remove his army from the position it held, and either to bring the campaign to an end by an attack on Richmond, or to retire from that part of Virginia altogether. He might naturally reckon that the Confederates would diminish their vigilance in the defence of Petersburg when he gave signs of moving in another direction. Hence, after sending two corps of his army across the James River, so as to distract the attention of his adversary, he suddenly exploded a mine and blew up a fort, with the 250 Confederates who defended it. An assault was then made by General Burnside, who seized the ruined fort and the works beyond it, and then pushed on to the second line of defences. But the anticipation of the Federals that they would find but little opposition was disappointed. They were received with a deadly fire and driven back; and the Confederates then charged and routed them, retaking the works which had been carried at the first rush. This repulse is probably not less severe than any that have preceded it. In the last great battle before General Grant attacked Petersburg the loss of the Federals is said to have amounted to 6,000 men, and to have been sustained in a few minutes from the fire of the Confederate artillery. The present disaster must have been of the same nature. The Confederates have been engaged on the works of Petersburg since the time the General Grant appeared before it, and they have, no doubt, made it as strong as Richmond itself.

AMONG the many mysteries of human life few things are more mysterious than those moral epidemics of which our universal self-knowledge now informs us. Like physical diseases, they seem to sweep from time to time through the moral atmosphere with a course so irresistible and uniform that philosophers have been led to doubt whether we have a free will in moral matters any more than in physical. In both alike we seem creatures of circumstances, unable to avoid, to resist, or to remedy our inevitable evils. One of the most remarkable of the epidemics appears to be running its course now. Our readers cannot have failed to notice the number of suicides which have been reported lately. Here are a few peculiar cases:—One young woman of nineteen, a stranger to London, having lost her situation after a month's employment, attempted to throw herself over London-bridge. A young girl, who had deserted her home and got into bad habits, and was on the verge of destitution, had also tried to drown herself; and two married women, in fits either of passion or of drink, had attempted to poison themselves. The other case was a very sad one. A young married woman had, with her husband and three children, removed from Tunbridge Wells to Reading, with all the furniture of their little home, in hopes of obtaining some employment. After a day or two her husband deserted her, and she wandered from one inn in Reading to another until her scanty store of money was exhausted, and she had to sell her few sticks of furniture for 40s., to buy a little longer lease of life. When this was almost exhausted, she hired a perambulator, drew her children down to the river side, and there, half an hour after, the perambulator was observed standing empty, and the woman and her three children were floating, quite dead, in the water. In spite of all we have heard of the periodic recurrence of moral epidemics, it is impossible not to ask ourselves whether any reason can be assigned for the multiplication of such cases. It seems very strange at first sight that they should be on the increase just now. There is certainly nothing to show that there is greater distress than usual, and there ought to be much less. The prolonged dry weather is said to have some effect upon the nervous system; but we look for some substantial and moral cause, and in the apparent absence of general distress it may seem at first sight difficult to account for such an epidemic. We are often reminded of the increased pace in life at the present day, of the increased excitement, and the keener struggle. Human life has been always compared to a race, and, like a race, it seems to get faster the longer it lasts. The pace now is certainly excessive. Everything and everybody are in a hurry and rush. Our minds and habits are like the trains on metropolitan railways, working at the very highest pressure that circumstances will allow. Business is now getting as fast in comparison as the two minute trains. But the same haste and hurry and rush that we witness in towns extends in its degree and kind through every grade of society. Almost every class is overstocked, and what in the higher classes is a struggle for success becomes in the lower classes a struggle for life and death. This not only overstrains and overwears the nerves, and leaves men with less power of self-control, as it gives them less time for healthy reflection, but it increases the desperation at such falls and disasters as we have been considering. To slip, or still more, to fall in the race of life is now often almost fatal. To the man himself who has stumbled it nearly always appears to be. A crowd rush in to take a man's place when he is down for a moment, and there seems no chance of recovering his position. In such a merciless struggle what wonder if some, like the poor servant girl, are frightened into despair at the very entrance into it, and take the first wild means of escape? Less wonder still if those who have fought well and suddenly failed abandon all effort, and violently snatch themselves and their children from being further trampled down.

A CLEVER SWINDLER.—The police of Paris have just arrested two ingenious swindlers who have for some time past been defrauding the tradesmen of Paris. One of them, named Marie D—, always appeared as an elegantly-attired woman, while the other, a man named S—, was dressed like a workman. The man was in the habit of entering a shop and making a small purchase of a few sous only, for which he paid with a 5-franc or a 10-franc piece, and received the change. Immediately after his departure his female confederate would enter, and also make a small purchase. Then, after looking at other goods for a few minutes, she would politely ask for her change, and when the shopkeeper denied having received any coin from her she would reply that he must have forgotten, and that if he looked in his till he would find a gold piece with a certain mark on it. On finding such a piece the astonished tradesman would of course at once give the change with many apologies. After playing this trick for a considerable time the confederates were at last detected just as they were about to leave Paris on a provincial tour.

THE LATE FATAL ACCIDENT AT WIMBLEDON.

MR. WILLIAM CARTER, the coroner for East Surrey, on Monday morning resumed the inquest at the Rose and Crown Tavern, Wimbledon, upon the body of Thomas Cooper, the unfortunate private of the Coldstream Guards who was shot while acting as marker during the late meeting of the National Rifle Association.

When the inquest was opened, Thomas Hulme, a private in the 1st battalion of the Coldstream Guards, described what Cooper was doing when the shot struck him. Isaac Wayman, a corporal in the same battalion, proved that at two o'clock on the 21st of July the firing was stopped for an hour, and the flag stood at "danger" to keep people from firing. Just before hearing of the accident he saw a rifle in the hands of Sergeant Roberts (who was placed under arrest), but he did not know that he fired the shot which struck Cooper, although he heard another explosion. The signals, he said, were up at the targets. Another witness examined was Mr. Charles Hall, of the Middlesex Rifle Volunteer Corps, who said the "runner deer" firing point, as well as the firing from other points, could be done to beat upon the place where Cooper was standing. After the medical evidence the inquiry was adjourned, as no one was present who saw the shot fired which struck the now deceased man.

Mr. Markby, honorary solicitor to the Rifle Association, Captain Midmay, secretary, and also Mr. Superintendent Butt, were present this morning to watch the proceedings.

Mr. G. H. Barber was first called. He said: I am a solicitor, residing at Stanley House, Addison-road, Kensington. On the 21st of July last, as a volunteer, I was on Wimbledon-common at about three o'clock in the afternoon at the 500 yards pool firing point. Mr. Charles Hall was also there, in my company. The firing was to commence after dinner. I looked through a small glass at No. 6 target; I did not notice any danger flag at No. 6. They were flying at the other targets. I called Mr. Hall's attention to the goodness of the glass, and he looked through it. Lieutenant Morrison was by me, to the right. He was in charge of the target No. 6, which was to my left. At the time I heard a shot fired and heard it strike a target. Upon that I said to Mr. Hall, "Will you spot that shot?" He made a reply, and I looked through the glass. I did not see who fired the shot. It appeared to come from the right, facing the target. I looked at the target and noticed the danger flag lying on the ground in front of the target No. 6. I had not previously noticed it. I noticed that after the shot was fired another marker came and put up the danger flag. I know Sergeant Roberts. He was the officer taking the scores. He was about five or six yards to my right. He had nothing in his hand then. I cannot say that I spoke to any one on the subject of what followed the shot. I did not notice any other shot fired on that day from the point. I believe the range was closed. I asked Mr. Hall to spot the shot on account of the controversy that now prevails as to whether shot marks can be seen with a glass on the paste-board targets. There was no flag in front of No. 6 target. I went away and mixed with the crowd. I next saw Sergeant Roberts in the council tent, and I then told what I knew.

Captain D. H. Herbert Milton, examined, said: I am captain in the 85th, now stationed at Shorncliffe. On the 21st of July I was at Wimbledon. I was one of the officers of the regular army appointed by the National Association to see the regulations kept and orders preserved relative to the shooting. At about three o'clock I was at the 500 yards' pool target, and had charge of 1, 2, and 3 ranges. At this time the signal gun had fired before shooting recommenced. The red danger signals were flying at the targets—at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; at all but 6, which was not visible to me. It was about ten minutes after the gun fired that the accident took place. I heard a shot. It appeared to come from the right of me. I got up and looked to see what was the matter. I did not notice any smoke. The screens between me and the firing would prevent that. I then heard some one say there was a man shot. I then asked who fired the shot. I did not ask of any one in particular. I asked who fired the shot, and Sergeant Roberts said, "I fired the shot."

The Coroner ordered Sergeant Roberts to be brought into court, and Captain Milton said he was the man.

The Coroner: Have you ever known shots to be made when signals were flying at the targets for any purpose whatever?—Witness: No shot should be fired when the red flag was at the target.

The Coroner: Then you cannot say why Roberts should have fired?—Witness: No, I certainly cannot.

The Coroner: In the army such a thing is not allowed?—Witness: No; it is strictly forbidden.

Sergeant Roberts having been called forward,

The Coroner said he would now be allowed, if he thought it prudent to do so, to make any statement. He was not bound to make any explanation, and anything he said would be taken down and used against him. Anything he might state would be a voluntary act, and he must use his own discretion.

Sergeant Roberts: I have no statement to make.

The men who had acted as markers were called, and in answer to the foreman of the jury said they never knew a shot to be fired to call the attention of the markers to their duty.

Sergeant Roberts, in reply to the Coroner, said he had no witnesses to call.

The Coroner proceeded to sum up. He gave a sketch of the history of the National Rifle Association, and called attention to the circumstances under which the shooting took place on the 21st of July, and the arrangements made to prevent danger. The first question for the jury to determine was whether Cooper died in consequence of a gun-shot wound, and whether it was clear that Roberts, and no one else, fired. If they found that in the affirmative, then came another important question, which he would explain. The Coroner explained the law bearing upon the case, and said that if they believed that Roberts disregarded the rules by which he ought to have been guided, it would be their duty to send the case to a superior court for adjudication; otherwise, they would acquit Sergeant Roberts by finding that death was caused accidentally.

The room was then cleared, and after an hour's absence the jury found a verdict of "Homicide by misadventure," accompanying it with an opinion that Roberts had been careless. He was discharged amid cheers from the assembled public.

FRENCH WOMEN'S BATHING DRESS.—The Paris correspondent of the *Jersey British Press* asserts that the manner in which the ladies dress and conduct themselves at Trouville has become a perfect scandal. "They wear garments which for cut are the most extravagant that it is possible to conceive. A sort of man's coat, descending very little below the place at which garters are supposed to be attached, and consequently exposing a great part of their legs. Those legs adorned with Hessian boots, mounting to more than half the calf, the said boots laced in front, bearing tassels at the top, and having very high heels; round the waist a great black or blue strap, fastened with a buckle as big as a saucer; the garments of the most violent colours, and often of a combination of colours which violates all the rules of art. On the head the smallest hat possible, without strings (bonnets having long since been discarded), and adorned with eagles or other feathers, the hat being stuck rascally on one side, with the hair protruding in a huge lump behind, and a great gilt comb thrust into the lump; lastly, a long walking stick in hand. The dress is offensive, but what is most offensive is the manner of wearing it. That manner consists in a sort of jaunty impudence. Formerly the distinguishing mark of a French lady was quietness—quietness in dress, in manner, in conversation. But the contemporary generation has change tout cela."

SHOCKING DISCOVERY AT GLASGOW.

THE *Glasgow Herald* tells a sad story:—Some few years ago a master mariner, named Stewart, came to live in Glasgow, accompanied by two sisters, aged about forty-four and thirty-eight years respectively. Four years ago Captain Stewart died in Africa, and the two sisters shut themselves up in their house refusing to hold any intercourse with the outer world. On Wednesday a warrant to search the house was obtained, and the place was entered by the police, accompanied by two medical men. On the right of the lobby was seen a dining-room, parlour, and bedroom, filled with excellent furniture, but overlaid with a thick coating of dust, which evidently had never been disturbed for years. On the left was a room from which all furniture had been removed, and the floor of which was covered with a horrid accumulation of refuse and filth of every description. In the kitchen there were two or three scattered books lying on the dresser. In the fireplace were some ashes, but to all appearance there had been no fire in the grate for a lengthened period, and the closest scrutiny of the apartment failed to discover anything in the shape of food. The whole of the open rooms having been examined, the visitors next addressed themselves to the closed door of a chamber lying between the kitchen and the apartment which had been used as an ashpit. When they tried to open this door a loud scream issued from within, and strange shrill voices asked who was there. Answer was made to the effect that it was the police, and a request made that the door should be opened. The voices responded that the place was the house of God, that the seal of the Apostle Peter was on the lock, and that the visitors were not the police, but belonged to the Free Church, and were sent by the Free Church Presbytery. It was in vain that the party repeated that they were the police, and had nothing to do with the Free Church; they found the inmates of the chamber inescapable, and were at last obliged to force open the door. They found a darkened apartment, and near the door could be observed a haggard-looking female, who made a great outcry about the intrusion. The other inmate of the room could not at this time be seen, but her voice chimed with that of her companion, and she was speedily discovered huddled up in a remote corner. With a great deal of trouble the two wretched creatures were got into the lobby, and then into the dusty dining-room. They resisted with what little strength they had, and earnestly begged that they should not be taken out, that they should be led back again to the house of God. When got out into the light the appearance they presented was shocking in the extreme. They seemed to be emaciated, as if from semi-starvation. Their apparel consisted of some scanty underclothing, in a filthy condition, and old black merino wraps, and no shoes or stockings. Their hands and faces looked as if they had not been washed for years, and their hair hung about their faces and over their shoulders in matted and matted masses. When taken into the dining-room the unhappy creatures became wild with excitement. They seemed persuaded that their visitors were spirits, and flung themselves about with the utmost violence in order to escape from their custody; and it was only when Dr. Liddell threatened to pour some water over their heads that they became comparatively calm. They still, however, clung tenaciously to the notion that the party before them consisted of spirits from the other world, and prayed earnestly to God to protect them from the spirits that had come to injure them. In all their words and gestures it was observed that the younger of the two took the lead, and that the other repeated with parrot-like imitation whatever her sister said or did. The younger woman, indeed, seemed to have established a sort of ascendancy over the elder, and when the latter attempted to put a word in, as if on her own footing, her sister would turn sharply about and tell her to hold her tongue and sit down, as she had lost her mind—a rebuke which seemed always to be taken with meek acquiescence. After they had been some time in the dining-room one of them fixed her eyes on Mr. Superintendent McCall, and after looking earnestly at him, shouted out, "Newton of Ayr, Newton of Ayr; are you McCall's brother of Newton of Ayr?" and went on to ask our worthy superintendent of police if he had been long dead. Mr. McCall tried to re-assure her, and asked her to feel his hands, and to ascertain that he was alive. She refused, however, to touch him or any one else in the room; and when any one went near she cried to them to stand back, as they were all spirits. When two policemen in uniform came into the room they both fastened their eyes eagerly on the bright buttons, cried out that here were two spirits of the Glasgow police, and wanted to know how long they had been dead. While this strange scene was going forward in the dining-room, the apartment from which the two women had been removed was subjected to scrutiny. In order to admit the light of day it was necessary to remove three black shawls, which had been nailed one over the other across the window. When these had been taken down, and the dust-covered curtain drawn up, a miserable spectacle presented itself. The floor was covered in most parts to the thickness of about a foot with ashes and rubbish. In the fireplace was a great heap of ashes, with a small fire smouldering on the top—the fire standing out from the chimney altogether, and sending its smoke up along the wall of the room, which was thickly coated with soot. The only furniture in the room consisted of a low bedstead covered with some filthy bedding, a chest of drawers, a stool, and a broken chair. On the drawers were a few books scattered about, and on a plate was a piece of soap, with a few dry crusts of bread, which only a person in a state of starvation could have eaten. In one of the drawers was found a purse, containing 1s. 5d.; but beyond the crusts referred to no trace of food was anywhere visible. The wretched condition of the women cannot have arisen from poverty, as there was discovered on the person of one of them the sum of £4 in bank-notes, together with a cheque on the Bank of Scotland for £258. It is stated, moreover, that they were in receipt of some small annuity, settled on them by their deceased brother. Some difficulty was experienced in removing them from the house, but at last they were got into a cab and conveyed to the asylum.

A CRUEL FATHER.—An act of extraordinary atrocity caused the utmost indignation in the Rue du Haut-Transit, Paris, a few days since. As a person, named Dancz, was passing along the street, he heard piercing cries from one of the houses, and on looking up saw smoke issuing from a window on the second floor. He entered the house, rushed up-stairs, and finding the room door locked, forced it open. He then saw a heap of rags burning on the floor, and close by it lay a boy, eleven years of age, with his hands tied behind him and fastened by a rope to the wall. As the child was nearly insensible from suffocation, he carried him to the nearest police-station, where means were successfully employed to revive him. The boy was at first too frightened to answer the questions put to him, but on being assured of protection, he stated that his name was Harsonnan, and his father, who is a rag gatherer, after tying his hands, had laid him on the floor, placed a heap of rags by his side, to which he set fire, and then went out and looked the corner. Police agents were immediately sent in search of the offender, and they found him near his lodging, evidently waiting to learn the result of his crime. An inquiry has been instituted to ascertain the motives which impelled him to commit such an abominable act.

A CAPITAL WRITING CASE for 2s. (or free by post for twenty-eight stamps) fitted with Writing-paper, Envelopes, Pencils and Pens, Bottles of Ink, &c. THE PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS AND SILVER MEDAL was given by the SOCIETY OF ARTS for its utility, durability, and cheapness. 350,000 have already been sold. To be had of PARKES and GORRO, 25 Oxford-street, London, and all Stationers.—[Advertisement.]

NO MORE COMPLETS without a WILLOW and GIBBS SEWING MACHINE.—Simple, compact, efficient, durable, and noiseless. Wanted to fulfil all the requirements of a perfect family Machine. Prospectus free on application at 155, Regent-street.—[Advertisement.]

A DANGEROUS VOLUNTEER.

At the Middlesex Sessions, George Bowden, wearing the light uniform of the Tower Hamlets Volunteers, was convicted of a violent assault with his bayonet upon the person of Charles Tottel.

The following is the principal evidence:—

Charles Tottel said, on Tuesday evening, the 2nd inst., he was in the East India-road, near Oriental-street, with a friend, when they heard a cry of police and some women's voices calling for protection. He went up and saw the prisoner struggling with a man. The woman made a complaint, and his friend tried to separate the prisoner and the other man, when the prisoner seized hold of him and struck him with his drawn bayonet. It was not a blow but a thrust. The prisoner then scratched witness's face. A policeman then came up, and he gave the prisoner in charge. When at the station the prisoner expressed his regret at what had occurred, and offered to pay any doctor's bill, as he did not know what he was doing at the time; he had been, he said, to a regimental dinner, and had had too much to drink.

John Richardson said he was with his friend the last witness. The prisoner had his bayonet drawn when he went up to him. He said to him "Well, mate, you had better put that instrument up." He replied, "You —, I'll put it into you." He seized witness by the collar, thrust him up against the fence, and drew his hand back with the bayonet in it, as if going to strike with the point of it. The last witness came up and pushed him (prisoner) away. The prisoner fell on his back, with his head on the road and his feet on the path. The man who had been struggling with the prisoner ran away. The last witness ran to the point to hold him and keep his bayonet down. The prisoner, who was drunk, was then given into custody.

Benjamin Lovell, 188 K, said he was on duty in the East India-road, Poplar, at the time this occurred. He heard some one say, "Here's a row, let's go and see; here's a volunteer with his bayonet drawn." He saw a man run away, and then saw the prisoner with the bayonet in his hand. Witness went up to him and asked him to give his bayonet up, which he refused to do. Witness seized hold of him, threw him down, and forced the bayonet out of his hand. The prosecutor then charged the prisoner, who appeared like a madman.

Michael Grant, 5, Margaret-street, Upper North-street, Poplar, a seaman, said, hearing cries, he went up and saw the prisoner, who caught hold of him, and made a "prod" at him with his bayonet. Witness stepped quick aside, and the point of the bayonet caught his hip bone. When the prisoner thrust at him he said, "What the — have you got to do with it?" The prisoner was taken to the station, when he expressed his regret at what had occurred.

The captain of the prisoner's company gave the prisoner a good character, and said he had come from a regimental dinner when this occurred.

Mr. Payne said he could not pass over such an offence as the prisoner had been guilty of without some punishment, which he hoped would be a warning to the prisoner and other volunteers not to make use of the weapons that were placed in their possession. If they went to regimental dinners it would be quite as well if they left their arms at home, for they could have no use for them at a dinner table. The sentence upon the prisoner was that he be imprisoned for one month, and enter into his own recognizances in a sum of £25 to keep the peace to all her Majesty's subjects for twelve months.

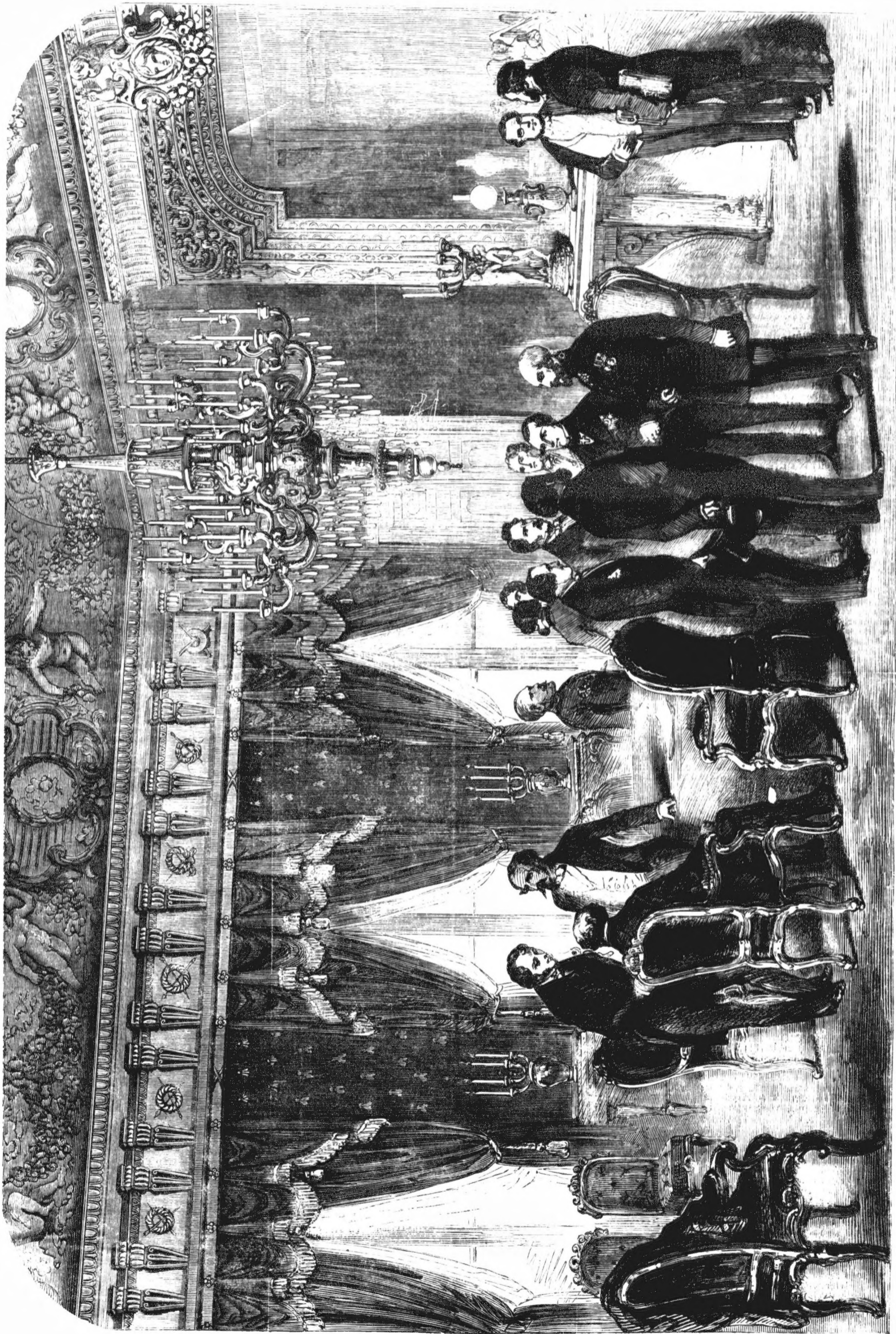
MURDER ON THE HIGH SEAS.

A GERMAN sailor, named Adolph Bjornsen, about thirty-five years of age, was brought before the Southampton borough magistrates, charged with the wilful murder of the captain of the barque Gustave Adolphe, an English registered vessel, on the high seas, on the 21st of June last. From the evidence of Mr. Petersen, the first mate, it appeared that the vessel left London on the 7th of May, China being her destination. When they were within about five days' sail of Pernambuco the first mate was in his cabin, the time being 9.30 a.m., when he heard a noise proceeding from the captain's cabin. He immediately went there, and found the prisoner in the cabin with the captain. As soon as he (prisoner) saw him he raised a pistol and fired at him, but the shot missed. Witness then went again on deck, followed by prisoner, who still held in his hand a double-barrelled revolver. The captain came on deck shortly afterwards, and asked where the second mate was, meaning the prisoner, and whether he had not been secured. Prisoner was standing near at the time, and he turned round and deliberately shot the captain through the head, one shot striking him under the left eye, and another in the centre of the forehead. The captain fell, and after lingering for about half an hour, being totally speechless during the whole of that time, he died. Prisoner in the meantime had mistaken himself to the captain's cabin, where he remained for a considerable time, the crew being unable to get at him, as he had obtained possession of all the firearms. He afterwards re-appeared on deck, heavily armed, and proceeded to lower the life-boat, into which he got, and at once started from the vessel. It was then about half-past two in the morning. Shots were fired at him, but it was exceedingly dark at the time, and they did not take effect. As soon as the day dawned all eyes were strained in order to discover, if possible, some trace of the prisoner, and his boat was discerned in the distance, lying like the veriest speck on the waters. The vessel went immediately in pursuit, and came up with him about ten o'clock. Shots were fired at the prisoner's boat, which was completely riddled, and when it was in a sinking state the jolly-boat belonging to the ship, and manned at the time by six of the crew, was sent to rescue the prisoner, who was placed in irons as soon as rescued, and was then conveyed to the vessel, where he remained in confinement until Pernambuco was reached. He was then arraigned before a naval court, when depositions were taken, and the English consul then directed his removal to this country. Upon examining the captain's body, the chief mate found, in addition to the wounds above referred to, that one of his arms had been broken, and the flesh pierced as if by a tomahawk. There was also a hole on the top of his head, as if made by a similar instrument. A quantity of blood was discovered in the captain's cabin, and the sofa and other articles bore marks of rough usage. It was stated that no disagreement had taken place between the captain and the prisoner. At the close of the chief mate's evidence the prisoner was remanded for a week, in order that the register of the vessel might be produced, Mr. Mackay, who appeared for the prisoner, expressing a doubt as to whether it was authorized to carry the English flag.

THE ADVENTURES OF A ONE POUND NOTE.—Last week was found, in the seaweed along the coast of the farm belonging to Mr. John Halsted, of West Ichenor, an old one pound note. It is dated 1816, and has seen many adventures in its time; but why it should have turned up so mysteriously on the coast heretofore, it is impossible to say. It is in good preservation, and runs as follows:—No 69,184—Portsmouth, Portsea, and Hampshire Bank—I promise to pay the bearer on demand, One Pound, value received. 10th of October, 1816. For Godwin, Minhim, Carter, and Goldson. JOHN GODWIN.—One Pound. It appears that the Portsmouth, Portsea, and Hampshire Bank was once in difficulties, and the owner of this note received four dividends thereon. The discharge for the first and second dividends is printed in red, the third is in a circular form, and the fourth in a triangular form. On the back is printed the following:—"Paid at the old Town Hall, Portsmouth, the 3rd day of December, 1818. Exhibited under the commission against Godwin, Minhim, Carter, and Kelley." Following this are numerous endorsements.—*West Sussex Gazette.*



THE PARIS FETES.—REVIEW IN THE CHAMP DE MARS. (See page 146.)



THE PEACE CONFERENCE AT VIENNA. (See page 154.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

HER MAJESTY'S.—The "supplemental season" was brought to a close on Saturday evening with "Faust," and Her Majesty's Theatre is now in reality closed on Italian operatic performances until some early period of the winter, when *Mlle. Titiens*, Signor *Giuglini*, Mr. *Sandley*, and other members of the company, having concluded their provincial or continental engagements, Mr. *Mapleson* may be enabled to give, not for the first time, a brief series of hibernian representations. The "supplemental" (or cheap) nights have been carried on with unflagging spirit to the end of the past week. "Lucia di Lammermoor" was performed early in the week—the first and only time this season—with *Mlle. Titiens*, Signor *Giuglini*, and Mr. *Sandley*, respectively as *Lucia*, *Edgar*, and *Enrico*. *Mlle. Titiens*, unless we are mistaken, is the only great tragic artist who has essayed the part of Scott's gentle *Lucy* on the stage. It might be inferred that the character was hardly suited to the large means and magnificent powers of *Mlle. Titiens*, who has long been recognised as the tragic queen *par excellence* of the lyric drama. But it must be remembered that, in the first place, the "gentle *Lucy*" of Scott's tale loses much of her gentleness in the lyric adaptation, and possesses many strong qualities which never entered into the contemplation of the novelist. In the next place, it should not be forgotten that *Mlle. Titiens* can, when she pleases, lay aside the dark robes of *Melpomene* as gracefully as any tragic queen who ever trod the boards, and put on the lighter garb of *Thalia* with eminent success. *Mlle. Titiens*'s talent, indeed, is wonderfully accommodating, and is "equal to either fortune" of tragedy or comedy. Of course, her peerless voice and splendid vocal powers would recommend her in any performance; but even *Mlle. Titiens* has come to be examined and criticised, fortunately for her, since unanimous opinion has placed her beyond controversy on the pinnacle of fame. Mr. *Sandley* took the part of *Baron* in "Lucia" for the first time, and earned success commensurate to that he had obtained a short time previously as *Alfonso*, in "L'ucresia Borgia." His singing was grand and splendid in the extreme, and his reception most enthusiastic. Mr. *Sandley*'s improvement as actor and singer, with the daily increasing favour of the public, has been one of the marked events of the past operatic season. Let us hope that when Her Majesty's Theatre commences operations next season we may find little or no alteration in the company just broken up. A *more robust* like Signor *Mongini*, and a light soprano like, perhaps, *Mlle. Kellogg*, would make the *troupe* complete in every department. To Signor *Arditi* we can offer no suggestion. He has made his band one of the most perfect and splendid in Europe, and he is striving his utmost to procure for the chorus the same honourable distinction.

PRINCE'S.—On Monday, Mr. W. H. Sleight, the treasurer of the establishment, took his benefit; and on Thursday a similar compliment was paid to Mr. Edward Thompson, the attentive supervisor of the privileged department in connexion with the arrangement of admission. The entertainments on both occasions were the exceedingly attractive new drama of "The Streets of London," and the preliminary farce of "Born to Good Luck."

ST. JAMES'S.—The summer season at this theatre terminated on Friday evening, the performances being for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, when a new and original comedy by Mr. Arthur Sketchley, entitled "How will they get out of it?" was produced with unequivocal success. The new comedy is easy enough to understand in the performance, but is by no means easy to narrate clearly. Mr. and Mrs. Egerton (Mr. Frederic Robinson and Mrs. Charles Mathews) have married clandestinely and in opposition to the wishes of the parents of the lady, Major and Mrs. Oldfield (Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mathews). The wedded pair visit the major and his wife and solicit their pardon. The major is forgiving, his lady implacable. The major has a very pleasant neighbour, Percy Wylding (Mr. Charles Mathews), who is a regular good-natured man, and desires to do everybody a service. He is, nevertheless, too much of a blunderer to be always successful. Percy and Egerton recognise each other, but the recognition is not pleasing to Egerton, whose real name, Thornton, has been changed in consequence of a bequest from a relation. Egerton is a widower, his first wife having perished, as he thinks, during their honeymoon trip in the Mediterranean, when the steamer in which they sailed was wrecked. Egerton's consternation may be guessed when he learns that Percy Wylding has saved Mrs. Thornton from the wreck. He thinks himself guilty of bigamy, and his ill-disguised fears put all sorts of suspicious into Mrs. Egerton's head. Wylding is himself about the same time thrown into almost as distressful a state of mind as Egerton. A dashing young widow, Mrs. Tiverton (Mrs. Stirling), comes to pay the Oldfields a visit. Wylding recognises his wife in the widow. He had been separated from her two years before in consequence of some seriously-trifling difficulty, and when separated she had assumed another name. Now, out of these concealments arise a heap of inextricable confusion impossible to describe. Mrs. Egerton and Mrs. Oldfield both become jealous of Mrs. Tiverton, whose lively manners and fascinations are made to make women envious, and perhaps the jealousy of the two ladies constitutes the principal merriment of the piece. Wylding, too, is horribly jealous of his own wife, whom he dares not even recognise, and his returning love for her is well painted, and intimately sustained by Mr. Charles Mathews. Indeed, Mr. Charles Mathews is very happily fitted in his part. In fact, the whole of the comedy was admirably played. Mrs. Stirling, magnificently costumed and graced and looking magnificent, was the very picture of an adorable widow for whom scores of hearts might be broken; Mrs. Charles Mathews was elegant, ladylike, and profoundly emotional in the character of Egerton's jealous wife; and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mathews were nothing short of formidable as the representatives—the gentlemen of the hearty, henpecked old soldier; the lady of the formal, exacting, and precise wife. As the theatre re-opens on the 12th of September, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews are re-engaged, we may conclude that "How will they get out of it?" will be repeated with the same cast of characters. At the end of the comedy, after the artists had appeared, a loud call was raised for Mr. Arthur Sketchley, when Mr. Charles Mathews came on and informed the audience that the author had been, unfortunately, detained by a previous engagement with "Mrs. Brown at the Play"—an apology which was received with much cheers and laughter.

LYCEUM.—Great preparations, we hear, are being made for the production of the opening drama at this theatre in October next. For the first time since the alteration of the stage its resources will be made available. Several great scenic effects will be produced, and the *total ensemble* surpassing all former efforts. Mr. Fechter has completely recovered his health, and has a part admirably adapted to display high dramatic qualifications. Mr. W. Calcott and a numerous staff of assistants are engaged to paint the whole of the scenery. The theatre will open in October.

OLYMPIC.—"The Ticket-of-Leave Man," and "Masaniello" still reign paramount at this theatre, notwithstanding the fact has run nearly 400 nights. On Tuesday evening next, however, an entire change of performance is announced, for the benefit of Mr. Atkins, when Miss Louisa Kealey, from the Adelphi, will appear.

ADELPHI.—The farce of "My Wife's Maid," produced here last week, has been continued. It is a French trifle briskly rendered into an English form. The heroine is a sentimental maid-servant, known as Barbara Perkins, much given to reading exciting penny romances, and having a firm faith in destiny, as revealed through a dark-skinned Bohemian, who has told her fortune in a gipsy tent, puts on "Missus's thin," and takes her holiday in Battersea Park as Miss Evelyn Mountpaddington, of illustrious parentage. Here

she has received delicate attentions from a well-dressed stranger, who has announced himself as Alphonse de Ravensbourne, but who is in reality only a confidential clerk with ninety pounds a year, and Lysimachus Tootles by name. Young Tootles is about to marry a certain Miss Lucinda Whiffleton, at the wish of his father, and is invited to meet his future wife at dinner, when he is horrified at beholding in the plainest of print dresses the supposed aristocratic belle of Battersea-park. It turns out that Captain Crackthorpe Cranmer has lent the household deprived of the regular servant his wife's maid, and thus, when he recognises in the handkerchief and a snipped off lavender-coloured bow, which Tootles has retained as relics, the property of his own wife, his naturally jealous disposition is inflamed beyond control, and he regards the affrighted clerk as the destroyer of his domestic peace. Out of these positions some amusing situations arise, and with the excellent acting of Mr. J. L. Toole and Mrs. A. Mellon as the sentimental swain and maid-servant, a considerable amount of laughter is created. Mr. R. Phillips is very effectively costumed as a blustering captain, and as a genial and gallant old gentleman Mr. Paul B. Ford is thoroughly at home in Tootles' senior. "Masks and Faces," with Mr. B. Webster and Mrs. Stirling in their original characters, and an extravaganza entitled "The Actor's Retreat," have been the other attractions.

NEW BOWER OPERETTA HOUSE.—Mr. Walter Kimber has taken the old Bower Theatre, in Staugate, redecored it, and seeks, as he says, "to revive its fortunes by giving a more pleasing entertainment, and of the elegance and comfort that will characterise its appointments." He has a very fair company, and if we are to take the programme of Saturday last, the opening night, as a sample of the kind of entertainment that is about to be produced at this little house, its supporters will not have to complain. Four pieces were put upon the stage and very creditably performed; they were the "Kiss and the Rose," an operetta by Mr. Howard Payne; a new comedietta, "Her only Failing;" a new burlesque, "Cymon and Iphigenia;" and "Lord Champagne." The burlesque, in particular, seemed admirably suited to the audience, and is really not badly written or performed. The scenery and appointments are very far superior to anything that has been seen in "the Bower" for many years, and if Mr. Kimber succeeds, as he deserves to do, in establishing this house in a respectable position, he will have ridged the neighbourhood of a great nuisance, and replaced it by an entertainment at which the respectable residents in the locality may enjoy an hour or two. We wish Mr. Kimber every success in his new enterprise.

MR. ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.—The first week of these well-organized entertainments passed off admirably. Covent Garden Theatre was crowded every night, in spite of the heat of the weather, which must have deterred numbers from attending. On Thursday, the first "classical night" took place the whole of the first part being dedicated to Mozart. Mr. Lazarus played the movements from the clarinet concerto superbly, and *Mlle. Krebs*, on the pianoforte, confirmed the good impression she had previously made. *Mlle. Carlotta Patti* sang the tremendous song of "The Queen of Night" with prodigious success. Had the fair songstress sang every note without flaw in time or intonation, she could not have been more vehemently cheered. The repetition suggested by the fury of the acclamations, nevertheless, was not complied with. On Friday evening several glees and part-songs were sung by Mr. Alfred Mellon's Glee Union, a well-trained and effective band of chorists, whose performances gave thorough satisfaction. Saturday was a "Volunteer Night." The concerts have been equally attractive during the past week.

MR. W. S. WOODIN.—This popular polygraphist brought his season to a close for the summer on Saturday, and the success which has again accompanied his entertainment will, doubtless, urge him to resume his amusing and extraordinary performances at the earliest possible period. The provinces, for a short time, will now be able to share in the enjoyment of one of the most diverting entertainments ever given in the metropolis; but London may look forward to a return of the energetic entertainer on this side of Christmas.

LORD BROUGHAM ON EDUCATION.

LORD BROUGHAM presided at the annual distribution of the prizes awarded in the competitive examinations in the rural deanery of Wighton, Cumberland. The prizes are given by Mr. George Moore, of the firm of Copstock, Moore, and Co., London.

LORD BROUGHAM, in opening the proceedings, said—I am sure it gives me very great satisfaction indeed to assist at this meeting, and to see that so many children are taught, and well taught, in those most important matters which chiefly refer to their good—I mean especially in religious instruction—(hear, hear)—because it is impossible to deny that at this time we live in an age when there is a very great prevalence—I will not say in England, but in various parts of the world—of irreligious publications. (Hear, hear) I chiefly refer to the Continent; but those publications have lately increased to an extraordinary extent both in Germany, and Italy, and France—publications the more dangerous from their subtle nature—(hear, hear)—their pretended abundance in reasoning and false reasoning—(hear)—but in those false reasonings they have been most mischievous. I don't think that they have extended to any great degree in this country, nevertheless there have been symptoms even in England, though by no means to the same extent, happily, that has prevailed on the Continent. (Hear, hear.) Great pains have been bestowed at all times upon the education of the higher classes of this country, and also the humblest classes of all; but what was wanted was that which prevails to a great extent in this country, but it is in some parts of the country very defective—I mean attention to the education of the middle classes. Those middle classes, though by no means so numerous as the working classes, or even the upper classes, yet are of the greatest possible importance for the good of the community, and the well-being of society itself. And this attracted the attention of the Association for the Promotion of Social Science so much that they lately presented by a deputation of their members to the visitors a representation strongly urging the issuing of a commission to examine the whole subject. That deputation, which I had the honour of heading and presenting to the ministers, was attended by many most important members, among others the Bishop of London, whose old connexion with Rugby School made him a very high authority upon the subject, Lord Lyttelton, Lord Fortescue, and various other members of the association. It had the effect, I rejoice to say, that after being duly considered, a commission has been issued, or is at this moment on the point of issuing, to examine the whole subject. (Cheers.) His lordship, in calling upon the meeting at the close of the proceedings to sing the National Anthem, said it contained a most important principle, for it said—

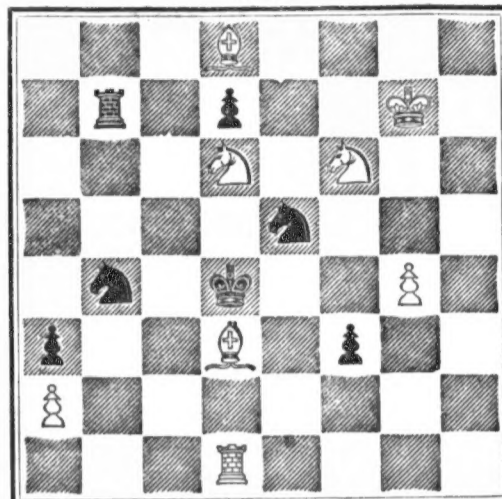
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice
God save the Queen.

The meaning of that was manifest, that if she did not defend our laws—if she did not give us cause to sing that with heart and voice—we should not sing "God save the Queen" (Hear, hear.) That was most safe to say upon the present occasion, for we had not the slightest shadow of risk that that illustrious person our Sovereign should not give us cause to sing with heart and voice "God save the Queen." (Hear, hear.) It was not so always. In the time of James II we could not have sung "God save the King;" in the time of Charles II we could not have sung it; perhaps even in the time of Charles I—to say nothing of later sovereigns. (Laughter.) But of the present Sovereign he was perfectly clear and certain they could sing with heart and voice, "God save the Queen." (Cheers.)

Chess.

PROBLEM No. 199.—By T. SMITH.

Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in four moves.

Consultation game played at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, between Messrs. Charlton and Punshon against Messrs. Duffy and Mitcheson.

- | White. | Black. |
|-----------------------|----------------------------|
| Charlton & Punshon. | Duffy & Mitcheson. |
| 1. P to K 4 | 1. P to K 3 |
| 2. P to Q 4 | 2. P to Q 4 |
| 3. P takes P | 3. P takes P |
| 4. B to Q 3 | 4. B to Q 3 |
| 5. Kt to K B 3 | 5. Kt to K B 3 |
| 6. Castles | 6. Castles |
| 7. B to K 3 | 7. Kt to Q B 3 |
| 8. P to Q B 3 | 8. Kt to K 5 |
| 9. Q to B 2 | 9. P to K B 4 (a) |
| 10. Q to Kt 3 | 10. K to R square |
| 11. K to R square (b) | 11. P to K B 5 |
| 12. B to Q 2 | 12. B to K B 4 |
| 13. Q to B 2 | 13. Q to K B 3 |
| 14. P to Q 4 | 14. Kt takes Q P |
| 15. Kt takes Kt | 15. Q takes Kt |
| 16. B takes Kt | 16. B takes B |
| 17. Q to B 3 | 17. B takes Kt P (ch) |
| 18. K takes B | 18. P to B 6 (ch) |
| 19. K to R 3 (best) | 19. Q to K 5 |
| 20. R to Kt square | 20. Q to B 4 (ch) |
| 21. R interposes | 21. B to K 4 |
| 22. Q to K 3 | 22. R to K B 3, & wins (c) |

(a) Black has already gained a superiority in position.

(b) Of course the Q P cannot be captured.

(c) The terminating moves are cleverly played by Black. White apparently was overmatched from the commencement of this interesting struggle.

[Forwarded by Mr. Mitcheson.]

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 193.

- | | |
|--------------|--------------|
| 1. Kt to R 7 | 1. K takes B |
| 2. K to Kt 5 | 2. K takes R |
| 3. Kt mates | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 194.

- | | |
|------------------|--------------|
| 1. Q to B 4 (ch) | 1. P takes Q |
| 2. R to Q 3 (ch) | 2. Any move |
| 3. R or B mates | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 195.

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------|
| 1. R to Q R 6 (ch) | 1. P takes R |
| 2. R to K R 4 | 2. R to Q 2 |
| 3. R to R 4 (ch) | 3. B takes R |
| 4. P mates | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 196.

1. R to Q Kt 4; and, play as Black may, White mates next move.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALLS.

THE GREAT ENO—3 to 1 agst Lord St. Vincent's East Lancashire (r); 4 to 1 agst Mr. Powney's Raglan (t 5 to 1); 10 to 1 agst Mr. W. I. Anson's Caller On (t); 100 to 3 agst Mr. Wilkinson's Hymettus (off); 100 to 3 agst Mr. Bowes's Welcome (off).
ST. LEGER.—2 to 1 agst Mr. W. I. Anson's Blair Athol (off); 3 to 1 agst Lord Glasgow's General Peel (t); 8 to 1 agst Mr. Bowes's Baragah (t f); 20 to 1 agst Captain Cooper's Knight of Snowdon (off); 5 to 1 agst Baron Rothschild's Breeze (off).

THE PEACE CONFERENCE AT VIENNA.

THE illustration on page 153 represents the final meeting of the Conference at Vienna, when peace was arranged between Germany and Denmark. M. Quast and Colonel Kaufman were the Danish plenipotentiaries, and offered but little, if any, opposition to the demands of Austria and Prussia.

AN EASILY-ACCOMMODATED BISHOP.—On Wednesday the Bishop of Ripon had engaged to consecrate a burial-ground at Thornes, near Wakefield, but on arriving at the Leeds Station at eleven o'clock his lordship found there was no train for Wakefield for some considerable time. He, however, by some means heard that there was a goods train about to start for that place, and offered to go by it; but here another hitch occurred, for it was found that there was no carriage that could be attached to the train. Not to be stopped by so small a matter, his lordship volunteered to go on the engine with the driver and stoker, if allowed to do so. This was at once granted, and Dr. Bickersteth rode to his destination on the engine; and so agreeable did he make himself to his companions, that the driver said if he were a specimen of the bishops, he shouldn't mind having one on the engine with him every day.—*Manchester Guardian.*

HORNMAN'S TEA is choice and strong, moderate in price, and whole some to use. These advantages have secured for this Tea a general preference. It is sold in packets by 2,380 Agents.—[Advertisement.]

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.

GUILDHALL.

THE ARTFUL DOCTOR IN THE DOCK.—Gerrard Elliott, aged 23, fashionably dressed, and Henry Morgan, aged 27, who had the appearance of a well-dressed clergyman, but who described himself as a commercial traveller, were charged with picking the pocket of Mrs. Jane Oakley Lawrence, of Twickenham, in St. Paul's Churchyard. James Warner, a constable, said that he watched the female prisoner in Church-street, on the 10th instant, when she was trying several ladies' pockets. He followed her into St. Paul's Churchyard, where he saw her pick the pocket of the prosecutrix and then leave her and go up a court, where she was joined by the male prisoner. They walked together into Newgate-street, where they were given into custody. The male prisoner not being known on the first examination, Mr. Alderman Bailey proposed a remand for a week; on which, the prisoner said he thought it very hard indeed that a man of his respectability should be detained in prison for a lengthened period on a charge of mere suspicion. Mr. Alderman Bailey asked him if he could give any account of himself. The prisoner said he was a commercial traveller, and the representative of a wholesale drapery firm in Ipswich, and resided at 27, Kensington-street, Grosvenor. Mr. Alderman Bailey said a remand would be necessary, in order that the court might be in a position to know more of the prisoners. Prisoner Morgan: This is really unjust, to incarcerate me when I have been guilty of nothing. I know that I am a respectable man, and you, instead of believing me, lock me up in prison. Hands, the detective, here said he had watched the two prisoners in company over twenty times, both in St. Paul's Churchyard and in the Oldgate. Mr. Alderman Bailey on that occasion remanded the prisoner for five days. On the prisoners being again brought up, Lockyer, the Middlesex sessions warder, said that the male prisoner had been convicted and undergone seven years' penal servitude two years, twelve months, six months, two terms of four months, and one of three months' imprisonment. The magistrate said he regretted that the evidence was so severely conflicting as to send them for trial. There could be no doubt that they were convicted and punished thieves, and he should sentence each of them to three months' imprisonment with hard labour. The prisoners were then removed, apparently very well satisfied at not being sent to the sessions.

WESTMINSTER.

UNPROVED CHARGE OF FELONY.—George Laven, a stone-mason, was placed at the bar charged with stealing a pair of ladies' boots. James Coley, manager to Mr. Benjamin Bruce, boot maker, 165, Brompton-row, said that in the early part of the week a pair of ladies' boots were brought to the shop to repair, and were sent home the previous day by the porter. Subsequently the lady came and said she had not received them. Carl Foster, porter to Mr. Bruce, said he was sent home with the boots, to No. 103, Fulham-road, which was a six months' yard, with house attached. When he got there he saw the prisoner, and asked him for the private door of the place, when he told him if he put the boots down there, pointing to the shop, it would do, and witness took them out of the bag and deposited them on the ground accordingly. Mrs. Mary Bingham, the wife of the proprietor of the yard, said she was sitting in the office, and saw the porter put the boots down in the shop, after speaking to the prisoner, and then the latter placed them just inside the shop-room. Witness saw nothing more of them, and supposing they belonged to somebody in the house, made no inquiries about them. The boots belonged to a lady named Wilson. George Foster, 225 B, said that Mr. Bingham gave the prisoner into his custody for stealing the boots. Mr. Arnold: Did the prisoner say anything about them? Constable: He said he knew nothing about them. Mr. Arnold: Is there any other witness? Policeman: No. Mr. Arnold: There is not a shadow of evidence against the prisoner for stealing the boots, and he is therefore discharged. It may be found that an action may be brought in this case for false imprisonment.

UNACCOUNTABLE ROBBERY.—John Thresham, a respectable-looking young man, aged 20, was placed at the bar before Mr. Dayman, charged with entering a shop with false keys and stealing 3s 10d. Mr. Marioni, an Italian confectioner, occupied a shop at 18 High-row, Knightsbridge, and the prisoner, who is a watchmaker working for the trade and in full employment, earning, as it is stated, nearly £5 per week, lodged in the upper part of the same house. Between twelve and one on Saturday night Mr. Marioni's foreman closed the shop and locked the doors, leaving in the till some copper money. Shortly after the foreman had quitted the premises George Glaspool, who was a light in the shop, and supposing that something was wrong, looked through a crack in the shutters, and saw the prisoner in the shop with a candle in his hand. Glaspool immediately gave information to Mr. Marioni, and on examining the till it was found that 2s 10d. in copper had been abstracted. The prisoner being recognized by Glaspool was accused of the offence, when he admitted his guilt, and the false keys by which he obtained access to the shop were found behind the clock-case in his room, and the missing copper under a couch. No answer was made to the charge, and Mr. Smith, solicitor, who acted for the witness, solicited the magistrate to dispose of the case, on the ground that the accused had hitherto borne an unexceptionable character, and that he had given away unfortunately in the present instance to momentary temptation. Prisoner's uncle stepped forward, and said that this was his first offence, and he was unable in any way to account for his sad departure from the path of honesty, as he was in a good way of business. He entreated the magistrate to deal leniently on account of his youth. Mr. Dayman observed that it was a very lamentable case, and committed the prisoner for three months to hard labour.

OLDERKENWELL.

A DIVORCED WIFE ASSAULTING AND THREATENING TO MURDER HER LATE HUSBAND AND HIS NEW WIFE.—Mary Huxtable, who gave her address 33, Worship-street, Finsbury-square, and described herself as a sempstress, was brought up on a warrant by Police-constable Willingale, one of the warrant-officers of the court, and charged under the following circumstances.—Mr. Ricketts, solicitor, said he attended to prosecute in this case. The complainants were Mr. William Richard Gill, a carpenter, of 53 Gold-lion-street, St. Pancras, and his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Gill. The defendant had formerly been Mr. Gill's wife, but on the 4th of June last the Judge of the Divorce Court issued a decree dissolving the marriage, the ground of the decree being that the present defendant had been guilty of adultery. Since then the defendant had frequently annoyed the complainants, and had threatened their lives. During the absence of Mr. Gill the defendant went to the house, knocked violently at the door, got a mob of low persons round, she herself generally bringing one or two drunken women with her, and called out that the house was a brothel, and even saying that her own children were bastards. If Mrs. Gill happened to be in the streets the defendant would follow and annoy her, and she had once or twice spat in her face. On the night in question the defendant went to the door the worse for liquor, made use of most foul and offensive expressions, and said if Mrs. Gill would go out she would tear her to pieces. She also said that she did not mind hanging for either of them, and that she would have their life before the week was out. He (Mr. Ricketts) was instructed to say that the defendant had had ten days' imprisonment for wilfully knocking at the complainant's door, and the magistrate then told her that if she came before him again on such a charge he should send her for the full period. Witness having been called who fully bore out the above statement, the defendant said she had not been guilty of all that had been alleged against her. She was sorry and would not go near the house any more. Mr. Barker said the case had been completely made out, and ordered the defendant to find a responsible surety for her to keep the peace for three months. The defendant said she had no one in attendance, and was locked up in default.

MARLBOROUGH STREET.

THREATENING NOBLEMAN.—John Hill was charged with sending threatening letters to George Augustus Frederick Lord Ouzon, of No. 8, South Audley-street. Lord Ouzon said that he received a letter produced at his residence in South Audley-street. Sergeant Henry Beard, of the detective department, Scotland-yard, said he received the letter spoken of by Lord Ouzon, and apprehended the prisoner that morning on a warrant, on his leaving Coldbath-fields prison. On telling him the charge was that of sending a threatening letter to Lord Ouzon, to the effect that he would kill him, he replied, "Yes, I did so; and I have also sent one to Lord Howe, and I intend carrying out what I have said." He then showed the prisoner the letter, and asked if he had seen that before, and he said he had. The letter was read by Lord Ouzon's solicitor, and contained most serious threats against Lord Ouzon, Lord Howe, and his lordship's agent—one threat being that he would blow out his lordship's brains. Prisoner said he declined to ask any questions. Lord Ouzon said he was apprehensive the prisoner would injure him, and he felt bound to take notice of the matter. The prisoner made a long statement as to his and his father's tenancy of some land belonging to Lord Howe. Mr. Knox said he could not let the prisoner go at large until the state of his mind had been ascertained. He should remand the prisoner for seven days, and he would put an endorsement on the sheet to that effect. The prisoner was committed to the House of Correction for breaking Lord Howe's windows about a month ago.

THE OWER WANTED FOR SOME PLATE, &c.—John Jenkins, described as a cooper-smith, was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt with being in possession of a quantity of spoons and forks and two large table cloths supposed to be stolen. James Drayton 29 F. saw the prisoner the previous night in Great White Horse-street with a bundle under his arm, and suspecting him, asked what he had in it. The prisoner made no reply, and Drayton then took the bundle from him and examined it, when he found it to contain fourteen forks and six spoons, some marked "J. Watson." The other party said—two large table cloths, one marked "J. Watson." The prisoner is refused to give any account of himself, but he went to the station, where he refused to give his name and address, but that morning gave the name of Jenkins. The prisoner said he must be a woman, and she left the bundle with him. Mr. Tyrwhitt remanded the prisoner.

CHARGE OF DEFRAUDING AN HOTEL KEEPER.—Philip Gilbert Booth, gentleman, of the Bedford Hotel, who stated that he was a magistrate for Bedford, was brought before Mr. Knox, on a warrant, charged with obtaining goods, value £60, by false pretences from Mr. Charles Thomas, of Thomas's Hotel, Charles-street, St. James's. Mr. D. Cameron prosecuted, and Mr. Edward Lewis defended. Mr. Cameron said the prisoner was charged at this court on the 1st November last, when he was permitted to go at large on his own recognizances to appear on a particular day, which he failed to do, the charge on that occasion being similar to the present one. In consequence of the prisoner failing to appear a warrant was applied for; but as the prisoner had only been arrested on the previous day, he should not be able to complete the case now. Mr. Thomas, proprietor of Thomas's Hotel, said: The prisoner came to my hotel about the 7th of last August, at which time the Junior United Service Club members were staying at my house, the club premises being under repair. The prisoner on coming to the hotel said, "The Club (the Junior United Service Club) being a, I should like to take a bedroom." The prisoner added that he was staying at Brighton, and should come to the hotel in a few days. I showed the prisoner some rooms, and he came to my hotel on the 30th of August and took possession of a room. It was because I believed his statement that he was a member of the Junior United Service Club that I allowed him to have the room. The prisoner remained from the 20th of August to the end of October, and his account amounted to about £54. As the club had left a few days before, and the prisoner still continued taking his meals as usual for several days, I asked him if he was not a member of the Junior United Service Club, and he replied, "No." I then told him that he had introduced himself as a member of the club, and the room he had used was occupied exclusively by the club, and that if I had known that he was not a member he would not have had credit, the general rule of the house being that every visitor should receive his account weekly. The prisoner then said, "You need not be afraid, as I can draw a cheque for any amount." The prisoner then said that he was going to leave the hotel and that he would give me a cheque, and he did so, for the sum of £32 15s. 1d., but the cheque was given after banking hours. The prisoner stayed until the following Monday morning, and then he gave my partner another cheque for £1 8s for the additional time. The two cheques were paid into my bankers, and, when presented at Messrs. Roberts and Co.'s, they were returned, marked "Account closed." By Mr. E. Lewis: It was not until after the Junior United Service members had left my house that I found the prisoner was not a member of the club. I charged the prisoner with giving cheques when he had no effects at the bank. I do not remember that the magistrate at the time said the prisoner had not obtained anything in consequence of giving the cheques. Mr. E. Lewis wished to have the notes taken by the clerk at the time read. The notes of the clerk were read; there was nothing in them relative to the Junior United Service Club. Police-constable Butcher 137 C. said he saw the prisoner leave a house in Pall-mall, and he followed him and asked him if his name was Booth; the prisoner replied, "No; it is Roberts," and wanted to why he was asked the question. He told the prisoner he was a police-officer, and held a warrant for his apprehension. The prisoner said it was a mistake, as his name was not Booth. After some hesitation he went to the station, where he said he thought the matter was settled. Police-sergeant Butcher and police-sergeant Lester stated there were several other charges against the prisoner. Mr. Knox remanded the prisoner.

MARYLEBONE.

EXTENSIVE ROBBERY BY ASCENDING SERVANTS.—Two stylishly-dressed young women, named Mary Anne Bombar and Charlotte E. Smith, Harry, were charged with robbery under the following circumstances. Sarah Nell, a widow lady, residing at 32, Elii are-terrace, Baywater: The prisoners were in my service. On the 6th August they both absconded at six o'clock in the morning. After they had gone, I found a box in my dining-room broken open. It belonged to a lady living in the house. I also missed a very large amount of property. Rosina de Prantz, a French lady said: On the 6th instant she missed from the box two £5 notes, and seven sovereigns. She was alone at 274 D. deposed: On Saturday afternoon I went to 7, Cannon-street, Middle-end, where I saw the two prisoners in a room on the first floor. I told them I should take them for about two £5 notes, a quantity of gold, and a deal of other property. They said it was quite right, and they were locked up. The prisoners were remanded.

THAMES.

CHARGE OF WILFUL MURDER.—Mary Ann Butler, aged 33, representing herself as a widow, but whose husband, from whom she has been long separated, is known to be living, was brought before Mr. Paget charged with the wilful murder of her male illegitimate child, Harriet Woodham, of No. 85, Lower Eastfield-street, Limehouse, said the prisoner was a lodger of her until Saturday, July 30. On the morning of that day she went into the prisoner's room, and saw appearances of her bed which induced her to ask the prisoner if she had not been confined. The prisoner at first denied having given birth to a child, but on her stating that she knew better, and that if she had just become a mother, she would do all in her power to assist her, she said, "Yes, Mrs. Woodham, the child is just born." She went to the bedside and said, "Is your baby here?" The prisoner said, "No, it is in the box." She asked if the child was dead. The prisoner said, "Yes, it is dead born." She went to a box in the room; it was locked. The box was soon opened, and the found in it a newly-born infant. It was quite dead. The head of the child was wrapped up in flannel, and there was a piece of cotton print fastened across its mouth, with the knot on the lower lip. She fastened the flannel and the cotton. The prisoner: I did not tie the knot. A young woman living in the same dwelling and on the same floor as the prisoner gave similar evidence, and entered into particulars, from which it appeared that the prisoner had burnt the placenta or after-birth, and there were remains of it in the fireplace. Mr. John Brown Rose, physician and surgeon, of No. 12, Albert-square, Commercial-road, said he was called upon by a relieving officer of the St. George's Union to see the prisoner's child on the 30th of July. He examined the body of a fine full-grown male child. There was a mark as if a sheet had been tied over the face. There was a mark or pressure. He then looked at the umbilical cord and found it had been cut. It was not torn or tied. There was blood oozing from the umbilical cord. He believed the child was born alive and that it died from the effects of hemorrhage of the umbilical cord. He asked the prisoner if it was born alive, and she said it was, that it did not go on much. She also told him she had three children alive besides two or three miscarriages, by which he understood she meant miscarriages. She also said that she had been a widow three years. She had since informed him her husband was alive, and that she was separated from him. In answer to questions by Mr. Paget, Mr. Rose said he believed the child was born alive from the inflation of the chest, the hemorrhage from the umbilical cord, and other appearances. The face was rather livid. Police-sergeant Palmer, No. 25 K, stated that the prisoner said her three legitimate children were in the country. She made no preparations for the birth of the deceased child. Mr. Paget said he should remand the prisoner.

SOUTHWARK.

DARING WATCH ROBBERY AT THE VICTORIA THEATRE BY A RETURNED CONVICT.—Charles Hartley, alias Charles Giles, a morose-looking man, stated to be a returned convict, was placed at the bar before Mr. Woolrych, charged with stealing a silver watch from the person of David Venus on the gallery stairs of the Victoria Theatre. Prosecutor stated that at half-past six the previous evening he was passing up the gallery stairs of the Victoria Theatre just before the inner doors were opened. There were at the time a dense crowd of persons assembled there waiting to be admitted, and as he was about half-way up he felt his watch move in his waistcoat pocket. He looked down and saw it partially cut, and the prisoner was just behind him. At first he thought it might have been removed in passing some one, consequently he replaced it and went on. A moment or two after that he felt it go, and on turning round shortly he saw the prisoner by his side with the watch in his hand, breaking it from the guard. He endeavoured to get hold of him, but he slipped away in the crowd and escaped him. He, however, followed him, and eventually he was captured by the officer of the theatre, but the watch was gone. In answer to the charge, the prisoner said he was not near the prosecutor, and knew nothing about the watch. Mr. Woolrych asked if the prisoner was known Sergeant Wise informed his worship that he believed the prisoner to be a returned convict. Prisoner: That's a lie; I never was in trouble before in my life. Judge the gallery, here stepped forward, and said, "The prisoner's mortification on identifying him as a very old thief, and to the prisoner's remand at least twenty convictions could be proved against him. Mr. Woolrych accordingly remanded him for the necessary inquiries.

FOCUSING AND ROBBERY.—Sarah Lewis, a smart-looking young woman was placed at the bar before Mr. Woolrych charged with administering emetic drugs to John Rigg, and robbing him of a silver watch and a silk handkerchief. The prosecutor said he resided in Church-street, Deptford. On Saturday 10th, at about twelve o'clock, he met the prisoner on London-bridge, and after conversing with her about the shipping, he accompanied her to her sister's at Finsbury. They remained there some time, and he took of her. They left her about four o'clock and came to the Surrey side of the river, and had more ale in Turkey-street. From thence they went into a public house in the latter Market, and after partaking of a small portion of ale, he suddenly fell asleep. When he recovered consciousness he missed the prisoner and his watch and handkerchief. He was positive that they were safe in his possession when he entered that house, and he was confident that the prisoner or some one else must have put some drug into the beer there, as he was conscious of everything when he entered the place and sat down. He did not give the watch and handkerchief to her to pawn, and he had money about him. Thomas Here, a tanner, said that about five o'clock on Saturday afternoon he was in the tap-room of the Lea bar Market Tavern with a friend. He saw the prosecutor and prisoner enter, and saw a farmer. The prisoner kept talking to him, and suspecting her, he watched her, and saw her take his watch and handkerchief. A little while after she left the house. Failing to pursue the prosecutor from his sleep, he followed the prisoner, and at last he saw her enter a pawnbroker's in Parker's-road, Dookland. He then gave information to the police, and she was taken into custody. Police-constable 152 M said he took her into custody as she was offering to pledge the watch for a sovereign. He also found the silk handkerchief on her. She said the prosecutor had given her the watch to pledge. Mr. Woolrych committed her for trial.

LAMBETH.

THE DIVORCE AND MATRIMONIAL ACT.—Mrs. Emily Tarrett, a decent-looking woman, with a fine boy in her arms, applied to the Hon. G. O. Norton for a certificate, under the Divorce and Matrimonial Causes Act, to protect some property from her husband, acquired since his desertion. The applicant said that in the month of July, 1861, her husband, Richard Tarrett, an engineer by trade, left her without any cause, and remained absent for six weeks. He then returned, demanded some money from her, and on her refusing, he threatened her life, and he left again. Before going away the second time he sold all their goods, leaving her to support her child in the best way she could, and since then she had neither seen nor heard from him. Mr. Norton: Had your husband alleged anything against you? Applicant: No, sir, never. I never gave him any cause to do. Mr. Norton: And you now apply for a certificate to protect some property acquired since your husband left you? Applicant: Yes, your worship. Mr. Norton: Very well, you shall have it. The certificate was then made out in the usual way, and delivered to the applicant.

THE BOTTLE.—Mary Ann Kligoford, a most wretched and dissipated female, the wife of a Thames police-officer, was charged before the Hon. G. O. Norton, on a charge of committing a dangerous assault on the person of Mrs. K. K. Barton. The husband of the injured woman said that his wife and himself occupied a room in the house of the prisoner, and that on the night before, between 11 and 12 o'clock, she came upstairs to their room and threw herself on their bed. She was much intoxicated at the time. They requested her to leave the room, and she did so, when they closed the door after her. Soon after she returned, caught his wife by the hair of her head, and dragged her down stairs before he (the wife) could prevent her. On going down to his wife's assistance, he found her bleeding profusely from a deep wound on her head, and such was her state that she was obliged to be removed to St. Thomas's Hospital, where she then remained in a dangerous state. Police-constable John Rogers, 41 L, said that about a quarter to ten o'clock on the night before he was called to the house of the prisoner, and there found Mrs. Barton in a frightful state, with her whole head covered with blood. He asked her how it happened, and she said the prisoner had dragged her down stairs by the hair of her head and kicked her violently. She was so bad at the time that he was obliged to remove her to the hospital, where he saw her this morning, and she was in a dangerous state. When he had determined on taking the injured woman to the hospital the prisoner said he hoped she would die there, and if not she would do for her. The prisoner denied much of the charge and said she could not have done much, as her left arm was broken in two places, and was then in splints. Mr. Norton: And that you have done in your drunkenness. I shall remand you for a week.

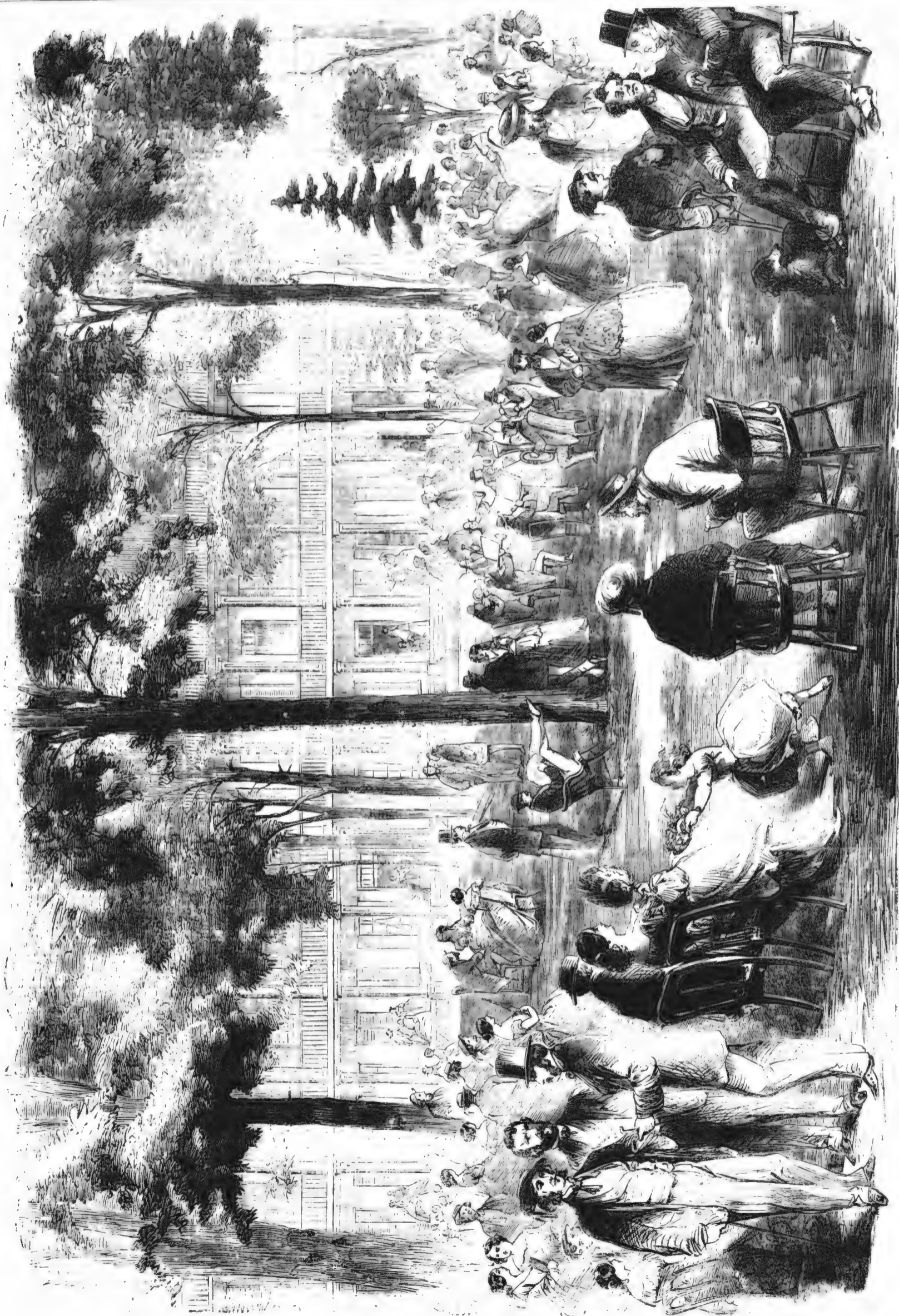
GREENWICH.

A VOCALIST CHARGED WITH BITING A POLICE-CONSTABLE.—Sarah Miller, aged 16, was placed in the dock, before Mr. Trill, charged with biting, and also with assaulting Police-constable 272 R. The constable said that at three o'clock this morning he found the prisoner sitting asleep on a door-step at New-cross. He awoke her, and asked where she was going to when she replied, "that she was making her way home." She refused to leave, and on taking her to the station for lodging, she bit him on the thumb and finger. In answer to the magistrate, the prisoner said she was a public singer. She had left Brighton the previous morning at five o'clock and had walked to London, excepting a short rest, and she obtained a ride in a van, and was making her way to a lodging-house at Deptford, where she had a sister staying, intending afterwards to go home to her father, a shoemaker at Chatham. She however sat down on the door-step and fell asleep, and not being properly awoken from her sleep by the constable, who shook and pushed her, she supposed she might have bitten him. Mr. Trill said the prisoner must be punished for the assault on the constable, and sentenced her to ten days' imprisonment in Maidstone Gaol. Mr. Boustree, chief clerk (to the prisoner): When you come out of gaol you will only be seven miles from your father at Chatham, and go home to him. The prisoner, who did not appear to appreciate this "lift on the road" towards her father's home, was then removed to undergo her sentence.

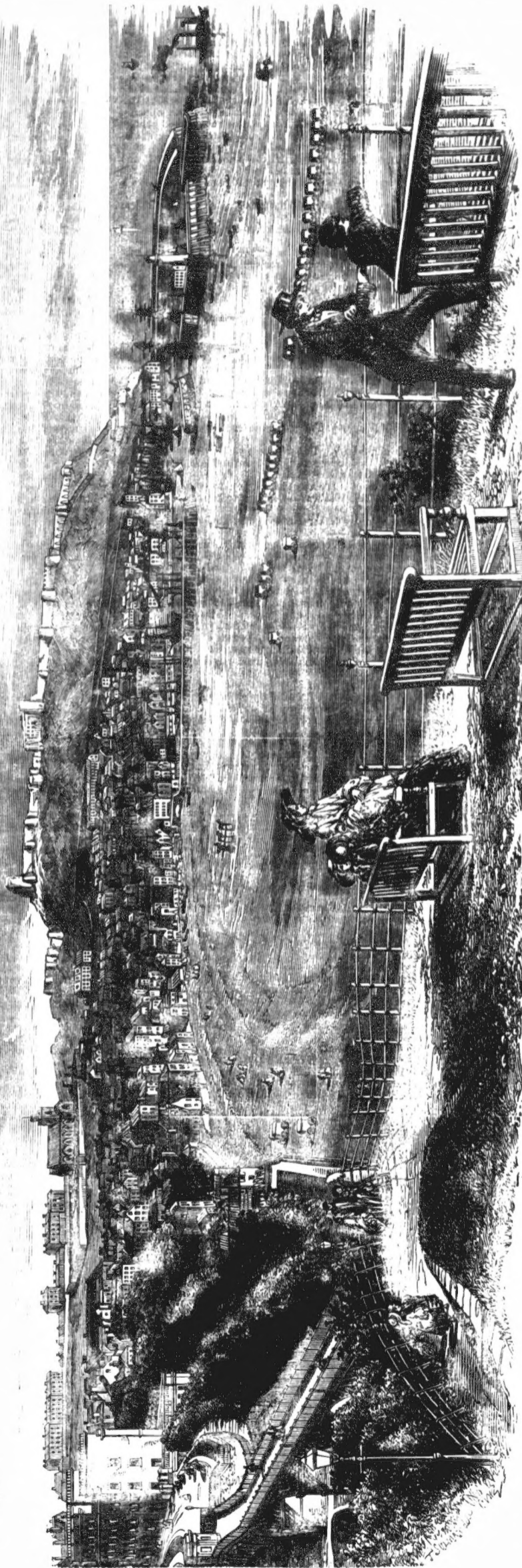
A STRANGE STORY.—Maria Williams, a respectable-looking girl, 16 years of age, who appeared in a white lace veil, and her hands in kid gloves, was placed in the dock, before Mr. Trill, charged with picking flowers from a gentleman's garden. Police-constable 157 R. stated that at a quarter past four that morning he saw the prisoner leave the garden at a gentleman's residence with a quantity of flowers in her hand. As soon as the prisoner saw witness she dropped the flowers and walked away, but on being brought back she acknowledged to having taken the flowers, and he took her into custody. Mr. Trill (to the prisoner): How came you to steal these flowers? Prisoner: I took them because I am very fond of flowers. Mr. Trill: Where do you belong to? Prisoner: I have just come from Cardiff, where my father, who carried on the business of a draper and tailor, died three weeks ago. I landed at Bristol, and there took the railway train to Bath, and then walked on to London, intending to proceed to Ashford, in Kent, where I have an uncle and aunt living, my uncle being a clerk in the branch of the Bank of England. I have also relatives at Canterbury and Bristol, but they do not yet know of father's death. Mr. Trill: What relatives have you at Bristol, and why did you not call upon them before taking the train to Bath? Prisoner: I have an uncle there who is in the police force. Therefore I did not call upon him because the train was just ready to start for Bath, and I wished to reach my uncle and aunt at Ashford, who, I think, will be able to obtain me a situation. Mr. Trill: Have you a mother living? Prisoner: No, mother has been dead some time. Mr. Trill: What money had you when you left Cardiff? Prisoner: I had 12s, but that has gone. Mr. Trill directed the officer of the court to take the girl to the relieving officer at Greenwich, and to have her admitted to the union until her friends were communicated with.

WANDSWORTH.

VIOLENT ASSAULTS UPON WOMEN.—George Keene, a labourer, of 2, Swanton-terrace, Wandsworth, was charged with assaulting his wife, Emma. The complainant, whose face was very much bruised, said she had been married three years. He starved her and beat her, and she was obliged to go to her mother for food. When she returned home after having her supper, and she told him where she had been, to which he said, "Go there again," and struck her a violent blow on the face with his fist, and drew blood. He struck her two or three times on the face. He struck her about the neck with his fist one week ago. He was sent her to work to keep him but she was unable to do it. Mr. Ingham: You can do better without him than with him. Complainant: Yes, sir. Mr. Ingham then sentenced the prisoner, who was proved to be a drunkard, to be imprisoned in the House of Correction for twenty-one days with hard labour.—George Field was also charged with violently assaulting Emma Backersaid. The parties live in Wandsworth. The prisoner was quarrelling with his wife, and on the complainant imploring him not to strike her while she had witness's baby in her arms, he threatened to knock her head off, and then struck her a severe blow on the nose. Mr. Ingham: Did he give you those two black eyes? The complainant: Yes, sir. He only struck me once, and I got very much. I did not stop, and I went away to my husband. The prisoner's defence was that his wife had been feverish as well as the complainant's, and he wanted her to go to her own home and make them comfortable. I was proved by the police that the prisoner and his wife were continually quarrelling. Mr. Ingham fined him 20s., with the alternative of twenty-one days' imprisonment with hard labour.—Joseph Banks, living in Frogmore, Wandsworth, who has been in custody for a week for kicking and knocking his wife about, was brought up for re-examination; but as the wife did not appear Mr. Ingham ordered him to be discharged.



NEW YORK OUT OF TOWN.—SARATOGA SPRINGS. (See page 157.)



SEA-SIDE SKETCHES.—SCARBOROUGH BAY. (See page 145.)

SARATOGA SPRINGS.

As a companion picture to Scarborough, with its beautiful bay, as described in our first page, we give, in page 156, a view of the gathering at the celebrated Saratoga Springs, the great watering place of the Northern States of America. These springs came into repute through the Indians in 1767, and are spread over a tract of twelve miles. Congress Springs, the most celebrated, was discovered in 1792, and is highly esteemed for its medicinal properties. Saratoga is especially interesting, from its being the scene of one of the leading events of the War of Independence—the surrender of General Burgoyne and the British troops under his command to General Gates, October 17th, 1777.

All the rank and file of New York, and for miles round, visit these springs in the season. A recent letter from Mr. G. A. Sala, in the *Telegraph*, dated from Saratoga, has the following:—“We do not know at Saratoga whether the late alleged Federal victory at Snickers Gap was really a victory or a defeat, or, simply, a mythical account of a battle which never took place at all. We do not know whether Sherman has gotten into Atlanta, or whether he is still ‘butting his brains out’ at the fortifications of that city. We do not know whether he has beaten Hood or whether Hood has beaten him. We do not know whether the Confederates are in full onward march down the Shenandoah Valley, picking up the newly

harvested wheat crop, or whether the cohorts of Early and Breckenridge have been driven back. In short, we know nothing for certain, although Saratoga is within one hundred and fifty miles of New York, and in telegraphic communication with the entire North. And yet we are by no means Boottians. We are seven or eight thousand strong in the way of water-drinkers here. You may see under the piazzas of the United States Hotel say fine morning, such political novelties as Thurlow Weed, Horatio Seymour, Fernando Wood, and Townsend Harris. There are two colonels here—one the son of that famous and unfortunate Alexander Hamilton who wrote the ‘farewell address’ and was slain in a duel by Aaron Burr; another whose uncle’s name was Monroe, and who is imperiously associated with a certain doctrine. The great judge Comstock is here; the irrepressible Cox of Ohio is here; and finally, at the Union Hotel, with Marshal Lamon as his ‘governor,’ is young Robert Lincoln—I beg pardon, his royal highness the Prince, son to our uncle at Washington. And there are hundreds of senators, M.C.’s, mayors, aldermen, common councilmen, shoddy contractors, bankers, Wall-street brokers, gamblers, chemists, fiddlers, zany, and buffoons, with their wives, daughters, sisters, and sweethearts. The *Leau monde* is here, and the *deut monde*, and the swell mob, and nobody seems to care a five-cent shu-pleur about the absence of ‘reliable’ information from the seat of war.”

COLLISION IN THE CHANNEL.—LOSS OF SIX LIVES.

THE *Bristol Daily Post* gives the following particulars of a collision in the Channel, resulting in the loss of two vessels and six lives:—“The Providence was a smack trading from Bristol to Minehead, and on Sunday night she was on her way to the latter place, and about eleven o’clock was just off Lavernock Point. The iron pilot-boat, Blue Bell, the largest and finest boat in Cardiff, was on her way to Cardiff from Lundy, having on board William Phillips and John Davies, both part owners of the boat and branch pilots, but they were on board merely as passengers, returning home after being down Channel looking for vessels. The Blue Bell was worked by John Buckleley and Samuel Nicholas. At about the hour named the pilot-boat came in collision with the smack, and both vessels went down, the Providence with all hands, and it is feared that there were four women on board as passengers from Bristol to Minehead. Several persons arrived at Cardiff on Tuesday, making inquiries for the women, but there being no one left of the ill-fated smack the parties departed for Bristol, to make inquiries amongst the friends of the missing women. The bodies of a master tailor and his son, belonging to Minehead, and who were passengers on board the Providence, have since been recovered. They were lashed to a spar, and had been very much knocked about. The men on board the Blue Bell had a most miraculous escape. They had, for-

tunately a small punt on board, and John Davies, by almost supernatural effort, got the boat into the water. William Phillips, who is an aged man, was almost frantic, and the poor fellow’s cries were heard at a long distance. He wanted to jump on board the smack, but his companions kept him in the boat, and after nearly two hours knocking about in a squall they landed near Sully, with the little boat nearly filled with water. The captain of the Grand Master, of Cork, reported on Monday that he heard screams of the greatest distress during the night, but from the direction whence they proceeded it was extremely dangerous to attempt taking the vessel to that point for fear of running ashore. On Tuesday evening, a boy who was on board the Providence, was washed on shore at Barry on some deal planks which were on the deck of the smack. It is no certain that the boy is the only one saved of the unfortunate crew. There were six drowned.

GEAR DESTROYED BY FOXES.—The *Tadornis* states that an order of the Prefect of the Var, of the 11th December last, giving premiums for the destruction of foxes, has been attended with the following results:—From the 1st January to the 1st August of the present year there were killed 316 full-grown males; 61 cubs; 557 females; and 103 ditto with young, or 770 in all.

Literature
HIGHLAND JESSIE;
OR,
LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID.
A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

CHAPTER CV.

LUCKNOW.—25 DAYS LONGER.

Prices in North America run, at the present moment, very high; but things are cheap, to be got next door for nothing in the late United States, compared with the prices which commodities fetched in Lucknow in August, 1857.

Everybody knows that the belongings of a soldier or sailor who dies in active service are sold at a drum-head auction, and this rule holds good from the commander-in-chief to the lowest drummer. Hence it happened that, on August 27, the late Brigadier-General Sir Henry Lawrence's supplies were sold by auction. Here are some of the items. The brandy realized £16 per dozen; bitter beer, £7 per dozen; sherry, £7 per dozen; hams (hermetically sealed), from £7 to £7 10s each; a bottle of honey £4 10s; rifle gunpowder £1 12s a pound; small cakes of chocolate, £3 to £4 a piece. Sugar, had there been any for sale, would have commanded any price—because of the children.

Conspicuous at the sale was Colonel Mole. The colonel bid in a nervous and anxious manner for the very first batch of beer that was put up for sale, and he ran it up to any price. The lot was knocked down to him; but, when it came to paying, the poor colonel had no cash to hand over, for at the same time that all his liquor stores had been destroyed, his desk, and with it his money, had been spirited away.

Colonel Mole was without means, but he offered to give his "note of hand" to any amount. When told that money must be paid for the lot, the colonel was very fierce at first, but the military auctioneer took the colonel's indignation very quietly, and went on with the sale.

The colonel was suffering from some unknown complaint. He trembled very much, flinched when suddenly spoken to, and had an awkward, hesitating way with him, something like the style of an idiot.

Men frequently asked each other what was the matter with Mole. Medical men vaguely said "it was on the nerves." Whatever it was, it did not improve Colonel Mole.

By the way, concurrently with his illness, his conversation became more and more despondent, nor was it long before he got the name of "Wet Blanket."

The fact is, the colonel's courage vanished with his beer and other fortifying drinks. Mrs. Captain Bury found him out the first; and every event in connection with the colonel that she heard of only confirmed her belief. "It is cowardice," said she; "and before the siege is over he will betray himself."

Most of the things bought were for the sick and the children of the purchasers. When I say children, of course I refer to those that remained—not very many—and those that lived began about this date to drop like delicate green leaves in the first frost of autumn.

There was but one comfort at this date (say the 27th August). This comfort lay in the fact that the weather was getting cooler.

This was a great blessing, for, owing to the perpetual pounding to which the garrison was subjected, so many buildings and natives' huts had been sent to the ground, that in the ladies' quarters four or five were crowded into small evilly-ventilated native huts.

The reduction of heat also abated the horrible smells in some degree—smells which not only arose from the choked drains, but from the half-buried bodies of horses, bullocks, and even human beings.

Altogether, things were looking very bad towards the end of August. What with very little food and a profusion of nuisances, the absence of all information, and the growing despair of the natives in garrison, matters were nearly at their worst.

No better evidence of loss of confidence on the part of the native forces could be shown than in the alacrity about this time with which the few remaining officers' servants bolted over to the enemy.

However, the misfortune was still as strong as ever. Every other condition of the camp might change than the determination to hold out to the last man. This determination never slackened for an hour, though that resistance was of the most laborious kind known in warfare—that of counter-mining.

Throughout the siege the enemy never relapsed in their endeavours to undermine and blow us up in three or four places at one and the same time; when, had they succeeded, they would have rushed in at the various gaps made in our defences, and have literally crushed us out by the force of overwhelming numbers sweeping down upon a few weak and necessarily scattered men, women, and children.

It was very hard work—counter-mining—quite equal to the navy's employment in England. But, generally, we had success for our reward. We were perpetually breaking in upon the enemy's galleries, when they would immediately abandon it, and commence filling in the shaft, when, with a barrel of gunpowder, we would blow their whole work into the air. Sometimes our men would bring away trophies of these encounters, such as the enemy's mining tools, their lanterns, and their oil—used for lubricating the tools so as to deaden the sound of their work.

There was no excitement in garrison—no change—and all things went on monotonously, even down to the courtship of Fisher and Mrs. Maloney.

Talking of courtship and matrimony, I find by my diary that it was at the date August 27th that poor Mrs. Captain (Bunny) Smith lost her little fair-haired husband. He had been ill for some time, but was on the 27th a convalescent. And being very fond of children, and having lost all his own, he was trying to amuse a couple of little ones, owned by a brother officer; and to that end, in the weak way such a weak little man would affect, he had made a couple of poor little paper boats, and set them floating in a tub of water. The two little children sat each on a little stool, as solemn as saints, watching the operations and listening to Captain Smith. It would appear that the tub was supposed to represent the Thames above bridge, and the paper boats were steamers, and thus spoke Bunny Smith for the last time on earth:—"Look here, Erry, and von, Tilly. These are two steamers, such as you will see in England when you go there, and this is the Thames. Now, 'all in for Blackwall and Greenwich, Greenwich and Blackwall'—that's where you'll dine some day when you go to England. Now, then, move her ahead! There are the steamers moving—now we're off!"

Which all three certainly were, for at that moment a shell came to the address of the trio of children—he was quite as much a child as the other two—burst well (from a military point of view), and the next moment the captain and the little ones were sent into, as Tom Dibbles put it, "another world."

And that was how poor Mrs. Bunny Smith came to England a widow. Colonel Mole was wrong—she has not brought half a dozen more children into the world.

Such a catastrophe as three human beings sent to their account by the same missile on the part of the enemy was nothing uncommon at Lucknow; so it may well be said that about this date

all things went on monotonously—even to the courtship of Job Fisher and Molly Maloney.

And, talking of that tender passion, it has to be recorded once more that woman can be fickle. Oh, no scandal against Mrs. Maloney. She was as true as green to Ireland. I refer to Mrs. Spankies. There is no need to go into particulars, but it is preposterous that I should have to state that tremendous as that tough-looking old sergeantess came out when she appeared at the window of the native hut, the champion of the late Sergeant Maloney and Jubelina Fisher, deceased, before she left that opening she broke down like the soft-hearted old goose she was, and blessed them both in a voice reminding one of a rusty saw. This benediction she gave after having said, "I suppose you won't want to be troubled with Drummer Fisher, so I'll take to him myself;" and after she had been answered,

"Deed, Spankies," says Mrs. Maloney; "it's not you'd make a child unwillful—it's not."

And the sergeant remarked, "Well, Sids, you've got one of 'em already. Don't be greedy."

Then she broke down and blessed them—for all the world like the end of a comedy.

However, when young Job came to hear of these things he was not so easily appeased. I need not remark that there was always something of his mother in the dear boy.

His first application on the point was naturally to Spankies, who, as Drummer Fisher had solemnly admitted to several full privates, had come over him a time or two with her talk.

So he put it to Mrs. Spankies plainly—what should he do?

Now Spankies, remembering the blessing she had bestowed, and being an honourable woman (and, had you doubted her honour, she would have knocked you down), she could not cut a couple of ways.

"Do, Drummer Fisher? Do? Nothing!"

Whereupon Drummer Fisher fell to whistling.

So Drummer Fisher had Mrs. Maloney on the carpet, on his own account.

"Well, Mrs. Maloney, you're going to marry my father, are you?"

"Indeed, it's not, it isn't. But who told ye?"

"Oh!—ah!—why all the company, and all the 3—th, know you're going to marry my father, Mrs. Maloney."

"Deed, then, it's not. It's him that's going to marry me. But not that I'd let him, Job, if it was I was coming between father and son—I wouldn't, Job."

"Which, of course, my father can do as he likes, Mrs. Maloney; but then, you know you—"

"Sure, now, you're not going to say anything hard to a woman, and you almost a man too, Drummer Fisher—you're not, I know?"

Here the drummer pulled down what remained of his military coat, and felt taller. However, he had not yet quite fallen into the matrimonial arrangements, and at this convenient announcement, a rat-a-dub sounding, in which young Job was perforce interested, he made a hasty "good day" of it, and shot off.

But with his own father he was more pointed.

The father and son were seated on the evening of that same day under a tree near their quarters, and the sergeant was smoking some of the last tobacco which comforted the English in garrison.

"Nice evening, ain't it, father?"

"It is," says the sergeant, with military precision.

"Father, I've got something to say about you."

"Have you, Drummer Fisher?" says the sergeant; and perhaps he feels just half a bit queer.

"I s'pose you're going to marry 'er, father?"

"Drummer Fisher, do's, my lad, dooty."

"Yes," says Drummer Fisher; "but I want to know."

"Job, you are carrying things too far, you are."

Now, the fact is, Sergeant Fisher was not in the most comely-able humour that evening, for a highly respectable double-tooth, without a flaw in it, was carrying on as bad as its neighbour, which had been a damaged fag for a year, and only behaved as it was expected to conduct itself, whereas the other ought to have known better, and not have throbbed like an engine of the Great Eastern Railway.

So, upon the whole, Sergeant Fisher was not in the best of humours.

"Anyhow, father," says young Job, "you're going to marry her—ain't you?"

"And what if I am, Drummer Fisher?" says the sergeant, obviously seeming to think he is in the wrong, by crashing his wooden pipe into a corner.

"Nothing, father," says young Job; "only I should like to know who Tom Forchett was."

"Tom Forchett?"

"Yes—him as mother talked about when she were going home."

The sergeant turned pale, and looked confused.

"Well, Job," said he, "I believe he were a kind o' grandfather o' yours—he was; least ways, he was your grandfather's brother, you know."

Young Job shook his head.

"What do you mean by that?" asks the sergeant.

"I don't believe it, father."

"Dooty, Drummer Fisher—dooty!"

"Well, father, if I may speak out, I should ha' said as you had had enough with one on 'em, but if you ain't, tain't no fault o' mine."

"Dooty, Drummer Fisher. Have you forgot all the reggerlations?"

"No, I ain't, father; but I should like to know who Tom Forchett was."

"Haven't I said."

"Now, look yere, father; wasn't he somebody as mother knowed afore she knowed you?"

The sergeant showed like a thief with the watch found on him, and never a word said he. Whereupon the boy remarked, "All right, father; I see. And which if she had a sweetheart afore you, I don't know but what it ain't fair as you should have one after her—mother, I mean; and so, father," continues young Job, looking up as much like a young Christian as a mere boy could appear,—"and so, father, I'm one to be obedient, and after three months I'll try and call her mother; though," continued Job, with a rueful face, "it will be a hard pull, that will."

"Drummer Fisher," said the sergeant at that name—"Drummer Fisher, you've done your duty noble, and come out strong; and once more I salute you."

Drummer Fisher saluted in return at the double quick time.

And from what I have picked up it is surprising with what light hearts that night both father and son fell asleep.

CHAPTER CVI.

TWO PIECES OF NEWS.

ON August 28th two excitements flurried the camp. One was a letter from Havelock, and the other was the court-martial upon Tim Flat for felony. The first excitement moved the whole camp; the second more especially affected the 3—th.

Think of it. Tim Flat, the hero of several sorties, the soldier without blame, though not without stripes, to be tried for felony! Tim came up to the mark very white and very confident. He was white at the shame of his position; he was confident, because he was innocent.

And now what do you think was his crime? Why that lucky or unfortunate emerald, which he had given to Jessie to take care of. The accusation was that it was one of the jewels which had

formed part of the King of Oude's collection, and that therefore Tim had obtained it by dishonest means.

The reader will remember that reference has already been made to the King of Oude's jewels, and which were stolen by some one or ones during the defence of Lucknow.

They never found out the culprits; but unfortunate Tim Flat had to bear some of the blame. When Mrs. Raggerty heard of the affair, she said it was "his luck." But Jessie Macfarlane said, "No, it's his misfortune, and it's jest one he'll get over."

"Then," said Raggerty, "that will be his luck."

Pardon me the formalities of that court-martial: once before I evaded similar rubbish, regarding the case of Sir Clive St. Maur. Suffice it to say, that Tim was accused of aiding in the robbery of the King of Oude's jewels, and that Jessie Macfarlane was the principal witness against him.

Poor Jess! she appeared in the witness-box like Niobe, all tears, while Miss Skeggs attended as another witness, and got turned out instantly for weeping before the pitiable proceedings had commenced.

Poor Jess! she had to produce the emerald, and admit that she had received it, "to jest take care o'," from Sergeant Flat.

Then Miss Skeggs was called, and faintly away dead the moment she caught the judge-advocate's right eye.

But for all that, she had to swear to the emerald, as, to the best of her belief, the emerald that she had witnessed the sergeant give to Jessie Macfarlane to take care of.

Then, being told to "Stand down," down she went—down like one sack of potatoes, and was hauled away like another.

Of course it need not be said that Tim cleared himself. It was what was expected of him. And there were people who said that the court-martial upon Tim was simply got up as some colourable pretence of pursuit in the matter of the King of Oude's jewels.

Tim clearly showed that he had gained the emerald in fair warfare, and thereupon it need not be said he was discharged "without a stain upon his character." Which was a comfort in its way, but which could not altogether wipe out the fact that he had been arrested, and tried for felony.

But, degrading as it was to Tim, it has been recorded for two reasons: the first because it was the cause of Tim taking a rise out of Barty Sanderson.

For, when the trial was over, Jessie and Miss Skeggs were waiting for him under a tree, or knot of trees.

Miss Skeggs fell fainting once more, of course—it was one of the things to which she had been born; but Jessie Macfarlane took three military steps forward, and thus she expressed herself: "Tim, gif Barty Sanderson hadna' lived, I do varily believe I'd have thee this very day; and even as 'tis, if I were not for my honour, I do varily believe I wouldn't say ye nay."

All of which expressions of regard Jessie denied next day; but, you see, her train-sweeper caution had been overcome by Tim's half peril. So she recovered herself with a night's sleep, and said, "It was jest a' fairy, what she had said."

But Tim had taken a "rise" out of Sandy, and though this satisfaction was somewhat dimmed by the discovery that Willyminer had not escaped the hearing of Jessie's admission, as was proved by her calling that Boet "a squinting double-faced mix," yet he felt that he had equalled Barty in Jessie's good graces, and thenceforth he was far more contented to lose the lassie—for man is but a bundle of contradictions. And, indeed, for that matter, so is woman—as instance, Skeggs; for though no woman found out sooner than herself that she had benefited by Jessie's admission, she never remembered the occurrence with anything like joy.

But long before Mrs. Skeggs had had time to think over the complete affair, the whole camp had been excited.

As Jessie ceased to speak, there was a great "huzza" in the camp.

The cause was this—a letter from Havelock, the conqueror of Cawnpore. It was not a very cheering letter; but it was a million times better than not any. It ran to the effect that the garrison could expect no help for twenty-five days. The letter was written apologetically; but the garrison received it with colours flying, so to speak.

Twenty-five days—to be counted as a boy at boarding-school enumerates the days to the blessed holidays—and then Havelock and his "saints" would be there, and the garrison would be relieved.

There were great rejoicings through the camp—but, twenty-five days to wait. So it was necessary to economize, and increased care and vigilance in the issuing of all stores were observed. So far this was all the advantage gained by Havelock's letter.

But the reduction of rations was met with general cheerfulness, if we except the Raggerty class, who, for that matter, are not satisfied with the best bread, if it is not put into their mouths.

Said Mrs. Sergeant Spankies, in relation to this reduction, "I feel the better for it."

"And the remark of Mrs. O'Gog stood, 'Faith! I don't want feeding!'"

And that is the way in which at Lucknow they received the intelligence that they had to put up with the miseries of the siege for nearly another month.

CHAPTER CVII.

INSIDE DELHI.

WHAT pen can describe the rush inside Delhi when the city fell? There was one great cry, "Remember the ladies—remember the babies!"

For a time, all mercy was dead. Mercy had no existence. Even at this distance of time one can almost palliate that awful purgation by death which followed the taking of Delhi, but at the time the animosity against the Indians was boundless (a).

(a) The anger, the thirst for revenge, which animated the nation, is fully shown in the following copy of verses from *Punch*:—

LIBERAVIMUS ANIMAM

Who rules about mercy? The agonized wall
Of babes howl piteous till it sickens the air,
And echoes still shudder that caught on the gale
The mother's—the maiden's—wild scream of despair.

Who rules about mercy? That word may be said
When steel, red and eaten, no force must retire,
And for every soft bit of each dearly loved head
A cord has been stretched a foot dead to hell-fire.

The Avengers are marching—fierce eyes in a glow;
Too vegetal for carers as lips looked like those—
But hearts hot two prayers—to come up with the foe,
And to hear the proud blast that gives signal to close.

And was to the hell-hounds! Right we'll may they fear
A vengeance—ay, darker than war ever knew,
When Englishmen, charging, exchange the old cheer
For, "REMEMBER THE WOMEN AND BABES WHOM THEY SLEW."

Who slanders our brave ones! What, pulling again!
You "fear for the helpless when left as a prey,"
Should the females the innocent children, be slain,
Or outraged—"Away with your slanders, away!"

Our awards come for slaughter; they come in the name
Of justice; and sternly their work shall be done;
And a world, now indignant, behold with acclaim
That beatomb, slain in the face of the sun.

And ter'fied India shall tell to all time
How Englishmen paid her for murder and lust;
And stained not her fame with one spot of the crime
That brought to her rich splendour of Delhi to dust.

But woe to the hell-hounds! Their crimes know
Who hath said to the soldier that fights in His name—
"THY FOOT SHALL BE DIPPED IN THE BLOOD OF THY FOE,
AND THE TONGUE OF THY DOGS SHALL BE RED THROUGH
THE SAME."

Nor was the revenue upon the Delites altogether without justification. There are many chapters of evidence to show that the sepoys at Delhi were quite as brutal as their brethren at Cawnpore. (b).

But I have little to do with general questions. The people still about me are quite enough occupation.

Late in that day of the taking of Delhi, Olive St. Maur, after seeking hour after hour, came near his wife and Paul Effingham, imprisoned, for their own safety, in a walled court-yard.

How can any man describe the meeting of a man and wife who have barely dared to hope that they may meet again?

As to describing the physical meeting, it is easily enough done. When people are deeply moved they are generally stupid. It was an eager look, a moment of hesitation, and then a mute embrace. Good heaven!—that is all the novelist can say. But of what each thought, whether thought existed, whether any feeling lived but a wide, an intense conception of gratitude in the heart both of the man and woman, the novelist can say nothing.

They met once more—all is summed up in these words.

"This is what she said—"Our son."
"All right!" bawled Paul Effingham. "Don't you leave this place: the city is still dangerous. I'll fetch the boy."

And having squeezed Olive's hand, off goes the hearty doctor, and those who have followed him for months in this paper know that he kept his word.

Ah, me! a parted husband and wife meeting, and between them a lost child!

What higher happiness (except the eternal) can you covet beyond that?

Peace—there can be nothing dearer on this earth. The man envelopes in his arms wife and child, and out of his heart rises a broad prayer, though not a word passes his lips.

(To be continued in our next.)

(b) THE DELHI ATROCITIES.—Sufficient to turn up of the atrocities committed at Delhi, which is here summarized.—The king, who is said to have been on one side by the "fat-headed" Jumsa Bakht, and on the other by a servant, who called himself a hand upon the cushion assigned to him. He presented such a picture of helpless imbecility, as, under other circumstances, must have awakened pity. He sat coiled up on a cushion on the left of the president, and to the right of the Government prosecutor; his son, Jumsa Bakht, standing a few yards to his left, and a guard of rifles beyond him. The prosecutor put the question through the interpreter, "Guilty or not guilty?" which the prisoner either did not or affected not to understand; and there was some delay in explaining it to him. He then declared himself perfectly ignorant of the nature of the charge against him, although a translated copy of them was furnished and read to him in the presence of witnesses some twenty days previous. At the same time the prisoner pleaded "Not guilty," and the business of the court proceeded. On the second day the sitting was closed in consequence of the indisposition of the prisoner. On the third day, while the evidence was being taken, the prisoner, coiled up easily upon his cushion, appeared just in the land of dreams; and, except when anything struck him, continued unconscious of what was passing around him. On the fourth and fifth days he was aroused from sleep to hear the evidence read. A professional artist was in attendance on the latter day, making a sketch of the prisoner as he lay on the couch. On the seventh and eighth days the prosecutor examined, through the interpreter, a person named Jamsal, formerly a writer to the lieutenant-governor at Agra. What was elicited from him on the second day related chiefly to the massacre of the European prisoners, of all classes and ages, on the 16th of May; and confirmed all we have already heard concerning the cold-blooded atrocities committed absolutely under the prisoner's own apartments in the Palace. The canal water, which ran past the place of execution, was, it appears, used for the purpose of washing away all traces of the bloody deed. Captain Forbes, Commissary of Ordnance, was examined on the eighth and ninth days; and on the tenth Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, O.S., gave evidence. The "snoothsayer," Hassan Ukhree, said to be a great confidant of the King's, was examined concerning a traitorous correspondence with Persia during our war with that Power. The snoothsayer was too wary to do away anything of importance, confining himself with denying all claims to, and a reputation for supernatural powers or the successful practice of magic. The next witness called was Bakhtwar, a person in the service of the late Captain Douglas. His evidence chiefly related to the occurrences of the 8th of May. The court was occupied the whole of the 11th day with the examination of a person named Cheloo, formerly editor of a native paper, entitled the *Delhi News*, conducted on a native principle; the editor's day being to write his paper full, and then carry it round and read it to the subscribers. The witness, in reply to a question by the prosecutor, said that about five or six days after the city had been in possession of the mutineers, he heard that there was a great disturbance in the Palace, and, on going to see the cause, found a number of sepoys and some of the prisoner's armed servants killing Europeans—men, women, and children. There was a great crowd collected, and he could not see distinctly through it; but, after the slaughter was completed, he happened to be among the survivors, who were removing the bodies, and heard that in all fifty-two persons had been killed. Of these only five or six were males, the rest all females and children! The bodies were being removed in carts, and were thrown into the river; when he saw them lying dead they were in a circle. A number of Mahomedans were in the top of Mirza Mogul's house, spectators of the scene, and the witness heard that Mirza Mogul himself was one of those looking on. These unfortunate people were confined, previous to their massacre, from the 12th to the 16th of May, in a sort of receptacle for rubbish, where the prisoners' lowest culprits were confined, and in which it would have been an insult to confine a person with any pretensions of respectability. There are many better and more suitable buildings, but they were not allotted to the Europeans. He further said that the Mahomedans of the city were in the habit of boasting that the Persians aided by the Russians, were coming to drive the English out of the country, and gave it as his firm belief that the Mahomedans were very much excited about the Persian war. The obsequies which were directed were, he said, for the purpose of bringing together a large body of men for some business to be explained to them hereafter; and he said they originated at or near Kernaul. He concluded his evidence of this day by replying to a question put by the prosecutor, as to who gave the order for the massacre of the Europeans. "The King himself; who else could give the order?" The prisoner was more lively than usual, declared his innocence of everything save all times, and accused himself by twisting and untwisting a scarf round his old head, and asking for a stimulant occasionally. The prisoner, as all the world knows, was found guilty, and sentenced to transportation for life to the Andamans.

MELANCHOLY END OF A RETIRED MERCHANT.

Ox Monday, Dr. Hardwicke, deputy-coroner for Central Middlesex, held an inquest at No. 7, Doughty-street, Mecklenburgh-square, the late residence of John Abraham, Esq., aged sixty-four, a retired Jewish merchant, who committed self-destruction under circumstances of a singularly determined character.

Edith Soane said she was housemaid in the service of deceased. On the previous morning (Sunday), about twenty minutes before six o'clock, she had prepared breakfast for the deceased, who was going off early into the country. She had prepared the breakfast and was carrying it upstairs, when on reaching the landing near the drawing-room she saw her master suspended by a rope round his neck from the banisters. She screamed and ran up and informed her mistress and alarmed the house, and Mr. Jackson and Mr. Octavius Abraham rushed out of their rooms and cut the body down, and the doctor was sent for. She had never heard deceased threaten to destroy himself.

Mr. Arthur Jackson said that he was brother-in-law of deceased, and was staying with his family. He had delusions of late, and a constant apprehension of poverty, for which there was no foundation. He was to get up early on Sunday morning to proceed on a visit to some friends at Bristol. Witness was aroused by hearing loud screams, and on slipping on his drawers and running out saw deceased suspended by a thin rope or rather cord to the banisters. With the assistance of Mr. Octavius Abraham he cut him down; but although he appeared dead he believed he had not been so above two or three minutes, as the body was quite warm. Was not aware that he had made any threats to destroy himself, but understood his mother had done so.

Mr. Lewis Abraham said he resided at 17, Guildford-street, and was a physician. Deceased was his father. When called to see him on the previous morning he found him quite dead. Deceased had been very desponding since he had retired from business about eighteen months since. There had been a tendency in the family to commit suicide. His mother and also an elder sister had destroyed themselves. In 1844 deceased was under restraint for four months. In other respects there was no evidence of insanity, except the commission of the act.

Mr. Robert Ouff, of 9, Guildford-street, surgeon, said, upon being called in, he found deceased dead in the drawing-room; the body was warm, and there were the deep indentations of a cord round his neck, and all the evidences of strangulation. Had attended the deceased medically, and had expressed an opinion that he would commit suicide.

The Coroner, having commented on the melancholy character of the case, the jury returned a verdict "That deceased destroyed himself whilst in an unsound state of mind."

SHOCKING DEATH FROM PHOSPHORUS.

Ox Monday, Mr. Richards held an inquiry at the Westminster Arms Tavern, Warner-place, Hackney-road, respecting the death of Thomas Hill, aged four years, who was alleged to have died from the effects of poisoning by phosphorus.

Thomas Hill, a warehouseman, No. 2, Warner-place, Bethnal-green, said that deceased was his son. On the previous Monday witness bought some phosphorus at a chemist's. His house was infested with rats, and he intended to poison them with the phosphorus. He placed some of the phosphorus on a half-round of bread and butter, and then covered it over with another piece of bread. Witness put the bread so prepared in a corner of the children's bedroom. The next morning, the rats not having eaten it during the night, witness placed the bread and butter on a shelf in the room. About nine o'clock on the Tuesday night witness heard loud screams proceeding from the children. Upon entering, witness found his two children, George, aged five years, and Thomas, aged four years, standing in the room in a great state of fright. Flames, or rather sheets of fire, were coming from the mouth of Thomas. The colour of the flames were blue and white. The boy seemed in dreadful agony. Dr. Latham was sent for, and he used all the known remedies, but without avail. The deceased continued in an insensible state until Sunday, when he died. All the poisoned bread and butter witness left on the shelf was gone. Witness believed deceased had eaten it. The phosphorus is sold in packets for one penny each. Witness had used two-thirds of the quantity he purchased. The poison was close to the children's bed. When witness found the children on the night in question, the whole of the bed was a mass of blue flames. The matter from the deceased's mouth had not only covered the bed but his own night clothes. He was standing in the middle of one mass of blue fire. He had no intention of injuring the children when he put the bread on the shelf. Witness did not get the doctor until next day.

Frances Hill, wife of the last witness, said that it was the constant practice of herself and her husband to put bread and butter on the shelf for the children. They were in the habit of taking a chair and getting the bread down and eating it. The children were never told that poison was in the house. Witness knew it was wrong to put poisoned bread on the shelf, the children being in the habit of taking their bread from it. A powder was given to the deceased on the night he took the poison.

The Coroner said that the case showed gross carelessness on the part of both parents. A juror said that the case was a most peculiar one. He said his brother jurors wished to view the room in which the children were left on the night in question.

The Coroner said that before taking such a course he would first take the medical evidence.

Dr. Latham said that the deceased died from poisoning by phosphorus. He believed the parents gave the remedies he prescribed. The packet was

marked "Poison. Phosphorus paste." The poison used was one of the most deadly character.

The Coroner having summed up,

The jury, after some deliberation returned the following verdict:—"That the deceased expired from the mortal effects of poisoning by phosphorus, and the jurors say that the deceased was killed by accident, and the jurors further say that great care is due to both the parents for their gross carelessness in leaving such poison in the reach of the deceased."

TAKING HER EASE.—An American paper states that there is in St. Louis a young lady who has done nothing but eat and sleep since she was four years old. She is awake for a few minutes twice in the twenty-four hours, and then talks and eats.

A SPANISH MERCHANT JEALOUS OF HIS ENGLISH WIFE.—At the Liverpool Police-court on Saturday, a Spanish merchant named Rafael Hidalgo de Oyarzabal, who resides at No. 153, Grove-street, was brought up in custody, charged with having assaulted and threatened to stab his wife, Myra Hidalgo de Oyarzabal. The prosecutor, a very ladylike person, stated that about half-past eight o'clock on the previous night, when the prisoner came home, she was sitting in the front parlour. She went to him in the hall, when he at once said, "I will attack you and swing for you before morning. You shall have three inches of steel in your body." He then struck her several times on the head, and took down the window glass, with which he attempted to strike her. He used other threats, and was very violent. In reply to the magistrate, the complainant said that she gave him no provocation except that she should have met him at the house of a lady in Percy-street, and did not do so. She added, "He frequently threatens to take my life, and has struck me many times previously. I consider myself in danger from his threats." When asked what he had to say in answer to the charge, the prisoner said that three months ago he filed a petition in the Divorce Court. Mr. Raffles asked complainant if that was true, and what was the allegation on which the petition was filed? The complainant replied that it was true, and that the allegation was that he was jealous of her.

Mr. Raffles: What became of the petition? Complainant: He withdrew the petition and paid the costs. Mr. Raffles remarked that that showed there was no foundation for it. Complainant: There was no foundation for it, your worship. Mr. Raffles said the prisoner's conduct was most disgraceful. From his position in society, and from his education, he ought to have known better than attack the woman he was bound to cherish and protect. The defendant was then ordered to find bail, himself in £50, and two sureties in £25 each, to keep the peace towards his wife for six months.

"THE BLOOD PURIFIER."—Old Dr. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SANGARILLA.—It acts specially on the blood, and hence is the only medicine that has received the name of "The Blood Purifier." It cleanses the face and the body from all blotches and pimples, purges from the system the latent mercury, and gives new blood and life to the invalid. Mothers should use it for the sake of their infants, and no sea captain or emigrant should be without it on the sea voyage. Sold everywhere. Chief Depot 131, Fleet-street, London. Important Caution: See that you get the blue and red wrappers with the old Doctor's head in the centre. None others genuine.—[Advertisement.]

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